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DANIEL K. WHITAKER, EDITOR.

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LETTERS OF ORTIS.

IN a preceding number of this Magazine some account was given of the life of Foscolo, and his poetical works. An allusion was then casually made to the romance whose title forms the subject of this article, which we intended to notice at a future time.

The Letters of Ortis are better known throughout Europe than any other production from the pen of Foscolo. This celebrity is owing in part to the political object of the work, in which the author does not hesitate to denounce the corruption of the old government, and the tyrannical usurpation of the new; as well as the treacherous ambition of Bonaparte; partly to the interest derived from the introduction of living personages, as Parini; and not in the least degree to the boldness of the sentiments, the ease of style and the purity of the language. Such merits were new in an Italian novel, and consequently proved wonderfully attractive to the readers of such writers as Chiari, Piazza, etc.

It is the general opinion that this work is founded in fact, and incidents are mentioned as having occurred in Foscolo's own family, to suggest the catastrophe of his story. Count Pecchio gives us a domestic romance of the poet's own, the heroine of which was a Roman lady, with "large black eyes, thick raven hair, rosy mouth, and noble carriage," besides "hands and feet worthy of the pencil of Guido." Added to these, she had the sweetest voice in the world, and played on the harp to perfection, and since our author was certainly not proof against all these accomplishments, we cannot but conjecture, with his ingenious biographer, that Foscolo was indebted to his own feelings for the conception of this first modern romance of which his country could worthily boast.

The resemblance which these Letters bear to *Werter* is so great as to lay the writer open to a charge of having imitated the German novelist. The outline of the story is substantially the same; the principal characters are placed in the same circumstances; Werter and Ortis are both in love with ladies who are married, or affianced, to others; Teresa and Charlotte are both without mothers, and the individuals to whom they are engaged have the same cold and calculating temperament; the progress of a hopeless and desperate passion is detailed in nearly the same manner, and both heroes commit suicide. Nor is the coincidence confined to the incidents of the narrative; the morals and the religion of

Ortis are also of the German school. Some differences peculiar to the temperament of an Italian, and to Southern manners and feelings, are observable; but we shall give some account of the work, before noticing them.

One of the greatest and most incontestible merits of these Letters is the style in which they are written. It would be difficult to find elsewhere a model of prose style so well adapted to the times, the customs and the philosophy which it was Foscolo's object to exhibit. Before the eighteenth century, all was bombast and obscurity in style, and a sort of *barren copiousness*, if we may be allowed the expression. That of Alfieri, one of the first reformers, though nervous and concise, was too dry and harsh. Foscolo united flexibility and softness to force, conciseness and precision, and possessed withal, a splendor of diction unknown to his predecessors. He was the first who knew how to weave the *rural* with the dramatic; to give to his picture the freshness, the innocence, and the beauty of nature. In the works of some writers, nature in imaginative productions is depicted too much at the expense of the characters; as, in the pictures of Poussin, the persons seem but secondary objects in comparison with the trees and mountains. The English are accused by foreigners of fault in this respect, and in truth they have proved themselves excellent landscape artists in poetry and romance. Perhaps this may arise from the fact that they are accustomed to live in the country and to contemplate nature in her various aspects. The Italians, on the contrary, resident for the most part in cities, are unmindful of her. Thus even Tasso and Ariosto, instead of describing her as she existed around them, have rather given her the aspect of an artificial park or a French garden.

The story of Ortis may be displeasing to some, on account of the uniform and excessive melancholy that pervades it. An Italian critic compares it to a day at the close of autumn, cloudy, with a dull sky, and a soil strewn with faded leaves. This peculiarity is hardly a defect in the eyes of his countrymen, for the pensive and sentimental form an agreeable variety in the light literature of a nation gay as the Italians. It is the cloud which relieves the eye in an ever brilliant heaven. But the prevailing temper of our literature is pensive and thoughtful, and a book of a humor so saturnine, pervaded by such unvarying gloom, is rather repulsive to an English reader.

But it is time to proceed to the work itself. The story is sufficiently simple. Jacopo Ortis, a young Venetian, by nature melancholy but of an ardent imagination, retires from his native city to avoid the persecution of the new government after the transfer of Venice to the Austrian dominion. In his seclusion he becomes enamored of a young girl, Teresa T——, betrothed to Odoardo, a gentleman who had been chosen by her father to further political interests, without reference to the inclinations of his daughter. The projected alliance had been so displeasing to the mother of Teresa, as to cause a separation between the parents; and the young lady felt herself compelled to complete the sacrifice, to effect their reconciliation. The unhappy Jacopo, an exile from Venice, consumed with a hopeless passion, and by impotent indignation at the state of his country, writes a journal of his feelings to his friend Lo-

renzo. Convinced of the fatal wrong he is committing by lingering in a spot so dangerous to his peace, he is at length persuaded to abandon it, and endeavor to seek alleviation for his sufferings in change of place. He visits Florence, Milan, Genoa, and the other cities of Italy, but in vain. His mental malady is increased by a keen sense of the vanity of life, forced on him by a contemplation, of human suffering, and the systems of modern philosophy. When at length he receives intelligence that the object of his affections is about to be united forever to another, he resolves upon a voluntary death. Before leaving the world, the sole consolation he desires is to see once more the being from whom his destiny had eternally divided him. He visits for the last time the retirement in which his passion was first born; has an interview with Teresa, takes leave of her, while she is far from suspecting that her parting words are his death warrant,—and bids adieu also to his mother in Venice, whom he persuades that he is about to undertake a long journey. The catastrophe takes place in the very house in which he resided at the period of his first acquaintance with Teresa.

With little pretence to novelty either in the story or the characters, this romance is far from being destitute of claims to original merit, on account of the energy and truth with which sentiments growing out of the political misfortunes of Italy are expressed. The Italian character, under the pressure of such disasters, and of domestic calamities, is also faithfully represented. The descriptions of external nature, in the picturesque scenes visited by the hero, are in themselves beautiful enough to entitle the book to attention, and the happy art with which they are blended, with the expression of thought and of mental emotion, is admirable. We shall offer in a literal translation such portions of the letters as will enable our readers to judge of their literary merits. The following describes Teresa at his first introduction:

"The angelic girl! I have seen her, Lorenzo, and thank thee for it. I found her seated painting her own miniature. She rose, saluted me as if I had been an acquaintance, and sent a servant to seek her father. 'He was not aware,' said she, 'of your coming; he must be in the fields; and will return soon.' I drew my seat near her's. A little girl ran 'to her, and whispered in her ear. 'It is Lorenzo's friend,' answered Teresa, 'the same whom papa went to find the other day.' Meantime the Signor T—— returned; he saluted me familiarly, thanking me for having been mindful of him. Teresa, taking her little sister by the hand, retired. 'You see,' said he to me, pointing to them as they left the room, 'here are all of us.' He uttered these words as if he would have me sympathise in their misfortunes, and in their happiness. We chatted a long while. When I was taking leave, Teresa returned; 'we are not far off,' said she, 'come and pass some evening with us.'

"I returned home with a lightened heart. O Lorenzo, the sight of beauty is enough to lull every sorrow in human hearts!"

Again he writes:

"I have undertaken to instruct the sister of Teresa. I teach her how to read and write. When I am with her, my brow is unclouded, and my heart is comparatively gay; I commit a thousand little follies. I know not why, but all children like me. And that little damsel is so endearing! fair, with curling locks, blue eyes and cheeks like the rose! fresh and plump,—she seems a Grace of four years old. If you could see her run to meet me, climb my knees, fly from me that I may pursue her, refuse me a kiss, and then suddenly fix her rosy lips to mine! To-day

I had climbed a tree to gather her some fruit; the little creature stretched out her arms below, and begged me for charity's sake, not to fall."

Their walks together near Arquà, and about these scenes hallowed by the genius of Petrarch, contributed to increase the impression made on the heart of the unfortunate Jacopo. Teresa reposed confidence in him, and not only acquainted him with the cause of the separation between her parents, but with her own aversion to the match. "I am unhappy" and "affianced to a man I can never love" was her complaint, and she seems at that time to have been altogether unsuspecting of the effect of her words upon a heart so susceptible as that of her friend. Jacopo reasons in the usual style of *innamorati*, and rails in the approved method at the coldness of such philosophers as despise the weakness to which he yields. There is a boldness approaching to blasphemy in the following sentence, by which he endeavors to justify himself:

"Nè Dio sta sempre nella sua maestosa tranquillità, ma s'innalza fra gli aquiloni, e passeggia con le procelle."

The apostrophe to the sun in one of the letters is very beautiful, but the poetical ideas seem to have been borrowed from Ossian; one of them appears to be a licensed rover, for we have traced it in the productions of various authors. The sentence "*Pur verrà di, che Dio vitirerà il suo sguardo da te, e tu pure cadrai nel vano antico del caos:*" bears a marvellous likeness to Monti's suggestion to the stars—

"E verrà tempo, che da voi l'Eterno
Kitiri il guardo, e tanti soli estingua."

Our author is also under unacknowledged obligations to Gray and to Sterne; the episode of Lauretta, in many of its circumstances has a close resemblance to the story of Maria.

There appears to us much truth in the supposition that this work had solely a political design; that the incidents of the narrative were constructed merely as a vehicle for conveying the sentiments of the author, on the state of his nation, to excite in the minds of his countrymen indignation at their oppressors, and the love of freedom which seemed expiring in Italian breasts. The remarks of Ortis upon human nature have more than a general signification.

"I am no misanthrope, you know it, my Lorenzo; in my early youth I would have strewed the way of all the living with flowers; what but the perfidy of mankind has made me so rigid and gloomy towards the greater part of my fellow men. I would pardon all the wrongs they have done me. But when I behold respectable Poverty, who while he labors, shows his veins exhausted by all powerful opulence,—when I see so many, feeble, prisoners, or famished—all suffering under the chastisement of unjust laws,—no—I cannot be reconciled, I cry for vengeance with the crowd of wretches with whom I divide their bread and their tears, and dare to demand in their name the portion they have inherited from nature, the beneficent and impartial mother."

The letter of which the following is a fragment, was omitted in the editions posterior to the first.

"Nature creates some who cannot be otherwise than generous; twenty years back such minds remained inert and lethargic in the universal torpor of Italy; but the present time has re-awakened in them manly and patriotic emotions; and they

have acquired such temper, that you could break but never bend them. This is no metaphysical maxim; it is a truth which shines in the lives of many of old, gloriously unhappy; a truth which I am assured exists still among our fellow citizens. I pity while I admire them, since if God has not compassion upon Italy, they must hide in their own bosoms this love of country—most fatal! because it must sadden existence, or fritter it away in vain desires; though rather than abandon this feeling, they would welcome dangers, anguish and death. I am one of such, and thou too, my Lorenzo."

"But if I could write about what I see and know of our affairs, I should do a superfluous and cruel duty, awakening in you the madness (*furor*) which I would quench in myself;—I weep, believe me, for my country, I weep for her secretly, and desire

‘Che le lagrime mie si spargon sole.’ *

"Another kind of patriots complain in a loud voice. They talk of having been sold and betrayed; but if they had armed themselves they might perhaps have been vanquished, but never betrayed; and had they resisted to the last, neither could the victors have sold them, nor the conquered dared to buy. Yet many of us dream that liberty can be bought with gold; dream that strange nations are coming for love of equity, to deal mutual slaughter upon our fields, to liberate Italy! But the French, who have made appear execrable the divine theory of public liberty, shall they become Timoleons in our behalf?—Many meanwhile, repose their trust in the young hero born of Italian blood, born where our mother tongue is spoken. For me—from a base and cruel spirit I shall never expect any thing useful or great for this land. What imports it that he has the strength and the roar of the lion, if he has the mind of a fox, and pleases himself therein? Yes—base and cruel—nor are such epithets exaggerated. Has he not sold Venice, with open and unmanly cruelty? Selim I. who upon the Nile cut the throats of thirty thousand Circassian soldiers surrendered to his faith, and Nadir Schah who in our age slew three hundred thousand Indians, are more atrocious, though less despicable. I saw with my own eyes a democratic constitution illustrated by the young hero, with notes from his hand, sent from Passerians to Venice for acceptance; and the treaty of Campo Formio was already confirmed and ratified; and Venice was trafficked; and the confidence which the hero nourished in us all has filled Italy with proscriptions, with emigrants and exiles. I do not accuse the state policy which sells nations like herds of sheep; thus it ever was, and thus it must be, I weep for my country,

‘Che mi fu tolta, e il modo ancor m’offende.’

"‘He was born Italian, and will one day aid his country’ :—others may believe it;—I answered and will ever answer, ‘Nature has made him a tyrant; and the tyrant regards not his country—he has none!’ ”

This is bold language; and if any object that a heart consumed with hopeless love could have no room for the indulgence of patriotic regret, we assure them that such objection can only be founded upon ignorance of the Southern character. The deep seated wretchedness that was undermining the being of Ortis, rendered him more keenly susceptible to every impression of suffering. The national temper could not be changed, even by the most absorbing calamities; and the natural recklessness of misery gives an air of truth to the very violence of his complaints.

The discovery that he is beloved in return by Teresa plunges our hero for a time into a sea of happiness; but the certainty, confirmed by her own lips, that she can never be his, though not dwelt upon at first in the tumult of his joy, recurs to his mind, and brings him back to des-

* Petrarch.

† Dante, Inf. Cant. V.

pondency. The gloomy aspect which all nature presents to him under the influence of this depression, is described in terms that contrast strikingly with his previous elevation. Yet there is a pleasing tenderness in some of the expressions of sorrow. He thus apostrophises beauty:

"O beauty! beneficent genius of nature! where thy lovely smile is seen, joy dances, and pleasure diffuses itself to make eternal the life of the universe; he who knows and feels thee not is weary of the world and himself. But when virtue renders thee more bashful and more endeared, and misfortune, taking from thee the presumption of happiness and the envy that waits on it, shows thee to mortals with locks dishevelled and deprived of the garlands of joy—who is there that can pass before thee and not offer thee more than the unavailing glance of compassion?"

This is in reference to the misfortunes of Lauretta, to whom our tender hearted hero had offered—"his tears, and the cottage, where she could have eaten of his bread, and drunk of his cup."—He thus writes to Lorenzo in answer to the solicitations of his friend that he would fly:

"29th May,—Evening.

"Fly, then—fly! and whither? Believe me, I am really ill; scarcely can I sustain this wretched frame so as to be able to drag myself to the villa, and console myself by a glance from those heavenly eyes, and drink one more draught of life, perhaps the last! But without that, could I endure this hell."

"To-day I saluted her going to dine; I departed, but could not tear myself from her garden; and—would you believe,—seeing her afterwards come down with her sister, I attempted to hide myself under a vine arbor and escape. The little Isabella called out;—struck as if by a thunderbolt, I threw myself upon a seat; the child put her arms about my neck, caressing me, and whispered in my ear—"why do you weep?" I know not if Teresa saw me; she had disappeared in the garden walk. Half an hour afterwards she came back to call the little girl who still remained at my knees; and I perceived that her eyes were red with weeping. She did not speak to me, but cast an agonizing glance on me which seemed to say—"It is you who have made me so miserable."

Soon after this, Odoardo, the betrothed of Teresa, returned after a short absence, with a young painter from Rome. The same day they meet Ortis. Odoardo comes forward to embrace him; Ortis retreats as if in horror. The painter utters some complimentary phrases about the pleasure he had long anticipated in his acquaintance, having heard much of his talent. Ortis interrupts him with the exclamation—"I—I am a wretch."—Then leaves him abruptly. The father and affianced husband already begin to suspect the indiscretion of their visitor. Teresa, who, of a nature more reserved, but ingenious and impassioned, had confided in Ortis without suspecting the danger of her affections becoming entangled, not daring to confess the fatal truth to herself, till the conviction was forced upon her at the same time it was revealed to her lover, ever since the evening of that momentous interview, has maintained the most rigid seclusion, shunning Jacopo, and trembling at the presence of her father. Separated from her mother, without counsel and without a friend, terrified at her future prospects, and struggling between the impulses of affection and the dictates of duty, she seeks solitude, scarcely speaking to any, and neglecting her harp and her drawing. Thus passed the month of June. Her father's suspicions of the cause of her grief are at length confirmed by her own confession—yet strange to say, his purpose is not changed by the knowledge

that his daughter contemplates her approaching marriage as a terrible sacrifice.

Ortis is at length induced by his friends to quit the spot; the father of Teresa urges him most strongly to such a measure. He travels through Italy "bearing his load of suffering;" and his passing remarks upon the cities and persons visited by him are highly interesting. He writes thus from Florence towards the end of August:

"I have always worshipped the sepulchres of Galileo, Machiavelli, and Michael Angelo; contemplating them I tremble with a reverential awe. Those who have erected their mausoleum, perhaps hope thus to exculpate themselves from the blame of the poverty and the imprisonments with which their ancestors furnished the greatness of those divine intellects! Oh how many persecuted in our age will be venerated by posterity! But the persecutions and the honors are alike monuments of that malign ambition that gnaws the human heart.

"Near those marbles I seemed to live o'er again my fervid years, when I, watching over the works of those mighty dead, cast myself in imagination among the applauses of future generations. Now such things are too high for me!—madness perhaps. My faculties are blinded, my limbs fail, my heart is ruined in its depths."

He returns or destroys the letters of recommendation given him by his friend to distinguished individuals.

"The only mortal I wished to know was Victor Alfieri; but I hear that he receives no new acquaintances; nor would I presume to induce him to break this resolution, adopted perhaps on account of the times, of his studies, or yet more of his passions and his experience of society. It might be a weakness; the weaknesses of great men should be respected; let him who is without them, cast the first stone." * * * *

"In this blessed land the sacred muse and letters awakened from barbarism. Wherever I turn I see the witnesses of that birth, and the turf where the first great ones of Italy repose; at every step I fear to trample on their remains. Tuscany is a garden; the people naturally noble; the sky serene, and the air full of life and health. But thy friend finds not rest; ever I look forward—to the morrow—to some neighbouring spot;—and the morrow comes, and I roam from city to city, and feel myself growing feebler, and feel yet more heavily this weight of solitude and exile. Nor have I even the privilege of pursuing my journey; I had resolved to go to Rome, to bend before the relics of our greatness. They denied me a passport; that sent me by my mother is for Milan; and here, as if I were come to conspire against the safety of the state, they surround me with a thousand questions.—Thus are we Italians outcasts and strangers in Italy, and scarce out of our own territories, neither genius, nor fame, nor irreproachable manners are a shield to us; and wo if you attempt to exhibit a scene of sublime courage. But just banished from our doors, we find none to receive us; pillaged by some, mocked at by others, betrayed by all, abandoned by our own fellow citizens, who instead of pitying and succoring us in the common calamity, regard as barbarians all those Italians who are not of their own province, and on whose limbs rattle not the same chains,—tell me, Lorenzo, what asylum remains to us? Our harvests have enriched our oppressors, but our land yields no caves to shelter, nor bread to many of our people whom the revolution has banished from their native soil, and who languishing with hunger and weariness, have ever at their side the only, the last counsellor of man despoiled of all—CRIME! For us then, what asylum remains but the desert, or the tomb!—and infamy! Who makes himself most infamous, lives most, but lives abhorred by himself, and derided by those very tyrants to whom he had sold himself, and by whom he will one day be bargained away to others."

One of the most interesting portions of the book is the sketch of a supposed interview with Parini at Milan:

"You ask me news of Giuseppe Parini; he preserves his generous pride, but seems discouraged by the infirmities of old age, and by the times. Going to visit him I met him at the door of his apartment, whence he was dragging himself into the open air. He perceived me, and supporting himself with his stick, put his hand on my shoulder, saying—'You come to see this spirited horse that feels in his heart the pride of his fair youth, but now faints by the way, and is roused only by the blows of Fortune.'

"He fears being driven from his asylum, and compelled, after seventy years of study and of glory, to die begging his bread."

"Last evening I walked with the venerable old man in the eastern suburbs of the city under a small grove of linden trees: he supported himself on one side by my arm, on the other with his staff; and sometimes looked down on his infirm limbs, then, without uttering a word, turned to me, as if he grieved for his weakness, and thanked me for the patience with which I bore with him. He sate down on one of the seats, and I beside him; his servant stood at a little distance. Parini is the most dignified, the most eloquent person I have ever known; to whom does not a profound, generous and thoughtful sorrow give eloquence! He spoke to me at length of his country; he was indignant both at the old tyranny and the new license. Literature become venal; all passions languishing and degenerated to an indolent base corruption; sacred hospitality no more, nor benevolence, nor filial love;—and then he gave me the recent histories, and the crimes of many men, whom I would condescend to name if their wickedness showed the vigor of soul, I say not of a Sylla or a Cataline, but of those brave outlaws who dare their villany even within view of the scaffold. But thieves—cowardly—crafty—it is far better to be silent concerning them."

"Parini opened not his lips, but pressing my hand looked at me more fixedly. Then he motioned that I should reseate myself; 'and think you,' said he, 'that if I could discern a glimpse of liberty, I would lose myself, to the shame of my infirm old age in these vain lamentations? O youth worthy of a better age, if thou canst not extinguish that fatal ardor of soul, why turn it not to other feelings.'

"Then I looked into the past; then I turned eagerly to the future; but I wandered ever in obscurity, and my arms, baffled, had no power to grasp aught, and I felt all the desperation of my condition. I related to the great poet the story of my passion, and painted Teresa as one of those celestial beings, who descend to illuminate the darksome chambers of life. At my words and my tears, the compassionate old man often sighed most deeply. 'No,' I said to him; 'I see nought but the sepulchre; I have a tender and affectionate mother. Often I seem to see her, following tremblingly my footsteps, following me to the summit of the mountain whence I would have thrown myself headlong; and while I was upon the verge, catch me by the folds of my garments, and draw me back, while I turning heard nothing but her weeping. And yet—could she know all my cruel sufferings, she would be first to implore from heaven that my wretched life might come to an end. But the only vital flame that animates this miserable body is the hope of aiding to win the freedom of my country.' He sighed sadly; and when he perceived my voice faltered, and my eyes were fixed on the ground, he began: 'Perhaps this passion for glory could incite you to difficult enterprises, but—believe me, the fame of heroes belongs in part to their daringness, the greater part to fortune, and in part to their crimes. If you know yourself fortunate enough and reckless enough to aspire to this glory, think you the times would yield the means? Have not the groans of all ages, and the yoke of our country yet taught you that freedom cannot be expected from the stranger? Whoever involves himself in the affairs of a conquered nation only reaps public injury and infamy for himself. When duty and right stand upon the point of the sword, the strong write laws with blood, and pretend the sacrifice is to virtue. And then,—will you have the fame and the boldness of Hannibal, who, a fugitive, sought through the world an enemy to the Roman people? Nor shall it be given you to be just with impunity. A youth of right principles and ardent feelings, but of little wealth, and careless of temper as you are, will be ever the tool of faction or the victim of power. And if you in public affairs could preserve yourself uncontaminated from the common

defilement, O, you would be highly praised, but would die under the nocturnal dagger of calumny. Your prison would be abandoned by your friends, and your tomb scarce honored by a secret sigh. But supposing you rise superior both to the power of foreigners and the malice of your countrymen, and the corruption of the times,—could you reach your design,—say? would you shed the blood with which the newborn republic must be nourished? would you fire your dwellings with the torch of civil war? would you unite contending factions with fear? would you crush opinions with death? would you level fortunes by slaughter? But if you fall by the way, you are execrated by one party as a demagogue, by the other as a tyrant. The affections of the multitude are transitory and uncertain; they judge by the event, not by the intention; useful crime they call virtue, and unsuccessful honesty is in their eyes crime; to gain their applause it is necessary to affright or to pamper them, and always to deceive them. That may be. Can you then, rendered proud by immoderate fortune, repress in your own bosom the passion for supreme power, which will be fomented in you by the consciousness of your own superiority, and knowledge of the general degradation? Mortals are naturally slaves, naturally tyrants, naturally blind. You, intent on establishing your supremacy, from a philosopher would become a tyrant, and for a few years of power, and of continual fear, would lose your peace, and mingle your name with the immense throng of despots.—‘Oh my son! Humanity groans at the birth of a conqueror, and comforts herself only with the hope of smiling upon his bier.’”

“He was silent; and I after a long silence exclaimed, ‘O Cocceius Nerva! thou at least couldst die unstained!’ The old man looked at me—‘If you neither hope nor fear beyond this world’—and he pressed my hand—but I—he raised his eyes toward heaven, and his usually stern countenance was softened by a gentle expression of happiness, as if he had fixed his hopes above. I heard the tread of approaching footsteps, and saw people among the trees; we rose, and I accompanied him to his apartments.”

In contemplating the miseries of Italy, his only prospect of relief was from the justice of future generations.

“But you, sublime souls, who solitary or persecuted shudder over the disasters of our country, if the fates oppose your strife against force, why at least recount not our ills to posterity? Raise your voice in the name of all, and say to the world, that we are unfortunate, but neither blind nor base; that we lack not courage, but power. If your hands are fettered, why fetter ye yourselves your minds, which neither tyrants, nor fortune, aroitness of all things, can control? Write. Persecute your persecutors with the truth. And since you cannot chastise them while living with the steel, punish them at least with ignominy, the scorn of future ages.”

The sight of the grandeur of nature among the Alps suggests another strain of reflection.

“Thus I exclaim when I feel my bosom swell with pride at the Italian name, and turning around, seek but no longer find my country. Then I say: ‘it seems that men are the artificers of their own misfortunes,’ but misfortune flows from the universal law, and the human race are proud and blind servants of destiny. We reason upon the events of a few ages; what are they in the immense space of time? The seasons of our mortal life appear frequently laden with extraordinary events, which yet are the common and necessary effect of the whole. The universe maintains its own equilibrium. Nations devour each other because one could not subsist without the destruction of the other. Gazing upon these Alps of Italy, I weep and am indignant, and invoke vengeance upon the invaders; but my voice is lost in the murmur of many nations, passed away—when the Romans pillaged the world, sought beyond the seas or deserts new empires to devastate, set free the gods of the vanquished, chained princes—and many a free people, till finding no further space to empurple their swords, they turned them against their own bosoms. Thus the Israelites slaughtered the peaceful inhabitants of Canaan, and the children of Babylon afterwards carried into captivity the priests, the mothers, and the sons of the people of Judah. Thus the Grecian conqueror overturned the empire of Babylon; and having desolated earth in passing over it, grieved

that there was no other world to conquer. Thus the Spartans three times dismantled Messenia, and three times drove the Messenians from Greece; yet they also were Greeks, of the same religion, and descended from the same ancestors. Thus the ancient inhabitants of Italy tore each other in pieces, till they were swallowed up in the fortune of Rome. In a few generations the queen of the world became a prey to the Cæsars, the Neros, the Constantines; to the Vandals and the Popes. What smoke from funeral pyres has darkened the sky of America! how much blood of innumerable nations, against whom neither fear nor envy provoke European hostility, has been wafted by the waves of ocean to contaminate our shores! Each nation has its age. To-day men are tyrants to ripen their own slavery to-morrow: and those who now basely pay tribute, will one day impose it with fire and sword. The earth is a forest of wild beasts. Famine, flood and pestilence are in nature like the barrenness of a field, which prepares abundance for the succeeding year; thus perhaps the miseries of this world prepare the felicity of another."

The intelligence of Teresa's approaching marriage, of course plunges Ortis into the extremity of anguish; and his deep melancholy is increased by an accident that befalls him, in which he becomes the innocent cause of another's death. Returning one evening to his lodgings, a storm overtook him; he spurred his horse to his utmost speed, less with the hope of escaping the tempest than with the idea that some false step might put an end to the life he hated. Having entered a narrow valley, where in the darkness he could only distinguish objects at a short distance, he saw a man a little way before him, and ere he could check the speed of his horse, the animal had trampled upon the unfortunate traveller, while he himself was precipitated from the saddle. Ortis remained unhurt. The stranger whose skull had been fractured by the horse's hoofs, immediately expired; and the involuntary homicide, almost frantic with horror, wandered all night among the mountains seeking amidst the general devastation occasioned by the tempest, the punishment of his fancied crime. The next day the dead man was found in the valley mangled dreadfully, and recognized by his wife. No one was accused of the murder. But the gratitude and tears of the widow pierced the heart of the unhappy Ortis, when he strove by relieving the wants of her children, to make some atonement for the suffering of which he had been the cause.

The scene of the supposed murder was shunned by all the neighboring peasants; stories of the fearful spectacles seen there on stormy nights filled them with superstitious fear. The circumstances of this accident are revealed by Jacopo to his friend many months after the occurrence, with an entreaty that they should not be made known till after his death.

From this period the idea of suicide is fixed in the mind of Ortis; he wishes only for a last interview with the object of his affections. She gives him her miniature, and bids him farewell. The remaining letters to her and to Lorenzo consist of fragments, sometimes incoherent, but all expressive of his fatal determination, in which he seems never to have wavered. This, however, is only darkly hinted at; their fears for his safety are not roused till it is too late. He is found one morning immersed in his own blood, but lives long enough to acknowledge by a feeble pressure of the hand the friendly sympathy of Teresa's father, who had been sent for immediately to attend him.

We have passed over many glowing and impassioned descriptions of the feelings of the hero and his interviews with the lady; but to our taste, the love of Ortis is by far the least interesting portion of the volume. There is no little extravagance and exaggeration in the language and incidents; it is true this fault the work has in common with its prototype *Werter*, but the latter has a *vraisemblance* which is wanting in the former. In point of morality there is not much to choose between them; though the Italian critics boastfully insist upon the superiority of Ortis in that respect, as his affections are bestowed upon a *fiancee* only and not a married woman. He betrays not a little want of discretion in lingering so long in the vicinity of one soon to become the bride of another. As to pathos, we confess his patriotic lamentations came nearer affecting us than the somewhat protracted exhibition of the agonies of his desperate passion; nothing is less difficult in a work of fiction than to paint the depths of distress. The incidents are but few; and the hero's reflections abundant; yet we cannot say the author has overstepped the proper bounds prescribed to writers who would give pleasure by exciting emotion. His sentiments on suicide are peculiar: he does not seem to have any idea that the violation of the most universal law of nature can in any case be regarded as criminal. The writer's justification of this and some minor outrages upon propriety and religion, is not however, carried to any base extent; the hero shrinks with horror from the idea of relieving his condition by selfish guilt, and flies to death as a refuge from his own impulses. On the whole, this work, as the production of an Italian, should not be judged without due allowance for the habits and impressions of an author resident in a country different in its manners and institutions from our own, and accustomed to measure his productions by a different standard. The literary merits of the book are unquestionable; the style is pure and rich, and the descriptions picturesque in the highest degree. The language is always animated, and occasionally rises to a strain of fervid eloquence. None can refrain from admiring the deep and evidently sincere patriotic feeling often expressed. Altogether these Letters are deserving of the attention of every scholar, and will not fail to reward those who will read them in the pure and beautiful language of the original.

Columbia, S. C.

E. F. E.

CELEBRATED ALL OVER GERMANY.

George the Second is said, like his father, to have had a strong predilection for his continental dominions, of which his ministers did not fail, occasionally, to take advantage. A residentiary of St. Paul's cathedral happening to fall vacant, Lord Granville was anxious to secure it for the learned translator of Demosthenes, Dr. John Taylor, fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. The King started some scruples at first, but his Lordship carried his point easily, on assuring his Majesty, which was the fact, that "the Doctor's learning was *celebrated all over Germany*."

LETTER TO A STUDENT OF MEDICINE.

———, 19th April, 1818.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,—

You are now rising towards manhood, a period at which the imagination is in full vigor, while the judgment has not attained maturity,—when every passion is in great force, and too often reason not sufficiently strong to effect their perfect control. It is therefore the most dangerous period of life. At this time it is—that a young man's destiny is fixed. If he yields to the seductive charms of what is falsely called pleasure,—he is lost,—lost to usefulness, and, by his example, becomes injurious to society. The hopes of his friends are disappointed,—and oh! the sorrow,—the grief that must arise in the bosoms of his parents! What the heart rending sensations of a fond mother, whose happiness consisted in the flattering hopes she had entertained of his success in life—whose desire of prolonged existence arose from the wish to see realized these fond anticipations!—How strong then the inducements of a youth who loves the earthly authors of his being to act correctly—to avoid the syren charms of misnamed pleasure, the enervating gulph of dissipation and the chilling, the unfortunate effect of idleness. Idleness is the root of all evil. A youth may have no vice, and I believe you have none,—these observations are not made because I suspect you capable of vice—I know differently—but because I well know that an idle youth who is not inclined to serious application and who is destined for a learned profession, can have little virtue, and will never be distinguished. It is a mistake to calculate on his talents, and that nature, by gifting him with genius, renders intense application on his part unnecessary—for, according to a celebrated writer with whose opinions I perfectly coincide,—according to Helvetius, “It is Emulation that produces *genius*, and a desire of becoming *illustrious* that creates *talents*. It is from the moment when the love of glory fires the breast, and takes possession of the man, that we are to date the progress of his intellectual faculties.” If such be the fact, and, that it is, I have no doubt,—how mistaken the idea—that nature, having been bountiful, application is the less necessary. Whatever you are to become—you will be only by industry—by intense application and unwearied perseverance. Subject therefore all your passions to reason. If they act—let it be to one object and one view—that of becoming distinguished in life. To will, it has been said, is to act,—what you please, you may become,—an ornament to society, an honor to human nature. How delightful the idea! Who that has a spark of ambition, would not will—and willing would not act! would not persevere and obtain the all-desirable—the important object in view? You are destined for a learned, a liberal profession,—one that is all-important,—one in which, if you attain distinction, you acquire not only fame and fortune, but the blessings of thousands;—but what to you is more grateful,—the satisfaction, the pleasure of an approving conscience. When at your evening orisons you raise your eyes to Heaven, your conscience acquits you and you can lay your hand on your heart and say, “I have done my duty.”—The lives of my

fellow creatures committed to my care, I am conscious I have done all science affords or art admits, to preserve:—and where both are unavailing, I have strewed with flowers, the thorny path to the tomb; I have alleviated their pains, I have calmed their minds; I have stated to them their danger; I have conscientiously told them that in this world they have nothing to hope; I have pointed out to them the paths of peace, and called their serious attention towards their eternal welfare; I have shown them that this world is but a stage, to prepare for a better; that I am a physician for the body, but that there exists a Physician for souls, who is able and willing to save.

When, by a great exertion of skill, a patient is snatched from the yawning tomb, an affectionate husband preserved to his fond wife and dependant family; when, with uplifted hands and tearful eyes they pour out to the physician their grateful thanks, and call on the Almighty to bless him here and bless him eternally hereafter,—what must be the sensations of that physician!—Would he exchange those pleasurable emotions which glow in his heart, and the satisfaction which sparkles in his eye, for all the false pleasures and fancied enjoyments of the sons of dissipation or the victims of idleness?

Wherever such a man moves, he is respected; the virtuous hail him as a brother, the literati as a companion and “fellow,” the higher orders of society view him as their equal, and even the dissolute, while they envy, perhaps while they hate, are forced to respect, and compelled by his virtues to esteem, and will invariably, in matters of importance, prefer and trust. If these be facts, and that they are, all must admit, how strong the reasons, how forcible the motives, to industry, to perseverance and unceasing application, “to trim the midnight lamp and o’erhang the sickly taper.”

There must be a basis whereon to erect a superstructure in medicine. This basis is previous education, a certain acquaintance with the languages, *perfect* knowledge of the English; you must be master too of belles lettres, and of composition. It consequently results that you must be a complete grammarian and logician. The study of logic is dry, but it is important, it is absolutely necessary. You must be master thereof as a preparatory step to the study of medicine. If you learn not to reason correctly, will you ever think correctly? If you think not correctly, can you judge correctly? and if you judge not correctly, your practice must be incorrect, therefore injudicious. If so, and by your mistakes a patient is destroyed, or suffered to die, who by a proper exertion of skill would have been saved, are you not answerable for his life, thus lost, at the tribunal of Omnipotence? Though it be not cognizable by human laws,—He who created us is a God of justice, and in His eye, such a circumstance, I believe, would be considered a crime of as deep a dye as murder, and the physician would have to answer accordingly. But how must rest the conscience of the physician—would it allow him peace of mind from that period till his decease? I conceive not. How great then is the motive to the study of logic, nor of logic only, but of every auxillary branch of science and of medical science, more particularly. Of medicine he should know every thing, or he had better know nothing. A half learned man is a conceited man, and if he prac-

tices medicine, is to society an injurious man, and will have much to answer for. My young friend—the road to fame is open to you, the path to wealth and honor is before you; pursue it diligently and you will succeed; deserve success and you will be certain to command it. The public are sufficiently enlightened to judge of a man's merit, and he is rewarded accordingly.

A Physician must be a moral man, ought to be a christian; his manners should be soft and easy; if graceful and dignified, so much the better; he should be fluent in words and eloquent in delivery; his is to persuade, where he cannot command; with sorrow and trouble is he conversant, with pain and disease familiar, but this is not all he has to contend with. Shakspeare, makes Hamlet say, "Cans't thou 'minister to a mind diseased." This must the physician attempt, by every art that science permits, call logic and rhetoric to his aid, and the consolations of christianity to his assistance. He who can best do this will most frequently be successful—he certainly possesses great advantages over that practitioner who is not thus endowed. Study therefore logic and rhetoric by day and meditate on them by night, for "Logic, will give precision and accuracy to your style, vigour to your conception, method to your ideas, and certainty to your reasoning. It will prompt sagacity to unveil a sophism; it will infuse power to enforce persuasion, and refute objection; it will inspire the means of conviction, and ensure success. Logic and rhetoric are one and the same art in two different positions. The difference was well understood by Zeno, when he compared logic to the hand when shut, and rhetoric to the hand when open; that is, one to the fist on account of its collected power, and the other to the palm, for the beauty of its proportions. Logic draws; rhetoric colours; logic sketches, and traces the plan; rhetoric fills, strengthens, adorns, beautifies and animates. Both tend to persuasion, though it be by different ways. The severity of the first admits of no other art but that of impressive reason, fearful of weakening, it avoids embellishing,—confident of its intrinsic value, it disdains dress; it aims at victory, but means that the laurel shall be placed on the brows of reason. Rhetoric, less presumptuous perhaps, seems unwilling wholly to rely on the strength of reason; it adds the glow of sentiment; it judges of, and disposes all the shadowings, tints, and seasonable decorations. In a word, as a speaker, you must never disunite these two arts. By studying the nature of both you will learn to join strength to delicacy, precision to copiousness, justness to elegance, and symmetry to variety.—You will storm the ears and hearts of your auditors, by incorporating the iron of logic with the irresistible fire of eloquence." Read Duncan again and again, remember every thing said by Blair in his lectures, and their progress with the other works which I gave you. May your exertions be crowned with success, and may you reap and wear deserved laurels at the temple of fame. I shall be happy to aid you in your studies as far as lies in my power.

Your real well wisher,

S. FFIRTH.

[We have been furnished by a respected correspondent with the following translation from Lucretius, by a deceased native poet, containing a description of the Plague which prevailed at Athens, during the Peloponessian War. It is a vigorous production, and will be read with interest, particularly at this period, from the strong resemblance that exists between the Plague and that devastating scourge, the Cholera. It may not be exactly in place here to offer a comment, but having concluded to publish, we must take the liberty to say that if the author had lived, he would probably have revised and improved the versification in some parts before submitting the poem to the public.—EDITOR.]

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAGUE AT ATHENS,

THAT HAPPENED IN THE THIRD YEAR OF THE PELOPONNESSIAN WAR, ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF LUCRETIVS,—“*DE NATURA RERUM.*”

“*Hæc ratio quondam morborum, et mortifer as æstus
Finibus Cecropiis funestos reddidit agros,*” &c.

Such dire disorders, such a deadly blast
Once laid fair Athens and her country waste;
Made solitary all her fields and roads,
Her streets deserted, vacant her abodes.
From Egypt's coast, with desolating flame,
O'er seas, o'er lands the fierce contagion came,
To wretched Athens wing'd its dreary way
Where crowds on crowds, its gasping victims lay.

The constant symptoms the first onset made
Were feverish pulses beating through the head,
And blood-shot eyes with ruddy stain began
The waste of life and work of death in man.

The mouth and jaws with black corrupted blood
Dripp'd, and distill'd a pestilential flood,
With ulcers swoln each gum no space affords,
Denied all utterance to impeded words,
The tongue that speaks the idea of the mind
With gore polluted could no motion find,
By pain enfeebled, all its functions fled,
Rough to the touch, its every sense lay dead;
Thence to the stomach all its filth distill'd
And the scorch'd heart with morbid venom fill'd,
Then every prop of life and vigor fail'd,
The tainted breath a loathsome steam exhal'd,
Like putrid bodies that neglected lie
Expos'd, corruptive, to the sun and sky;
On death's dark verge to misery's will resign'd
With fate no longer strove the passive mind;
Incessant struglings mixt with wailing groans,
Pangs followed pangs, and moans succeeded moans,
A constant sobbing, day and night, distress'd,
Shrunk was each limb and every nerve compress'd;
New pains each moment grew on pains before,
Deranged the system that could bear no more.

So fierce a heat the internal fever fed,
And such a flame was through the body spread,

Look where you would, the eye endured so much,
You would have thought you did not see but touch.
From burning ulcers such a heat was rais'd
And so much fever through the body blaz'd,
That, like the wretch whom arrowy lightnings slay,
The bones were softened, melted, fused away;
The stomach in such strong pulsations beat,
Burnt like a furnace in such rage of heat,
That nothing grateful could that part receive,
No drug, no food, to cool it or relieve.

One object did those sons of woe engage,
And hence they hop'd their tortures to assuage;
In the cold air they sought to ease their pains,
Exposed their bodies to the winds and rains;
Some to the river's cooling floods were borne,
And dwelt in waves, indignant to return,
With naked limbs immersed in floods they lay
To cool their torments, and would ever stay.

Some headlong down, as thirst insatiate drove,
Plung'd into wells profound from heights above,
With gasping mouth to quench in fluids there
The scorching torments they were forced to bear;
The internal thirst, while mergent in the flood,
Imbib'd whole showers to allay the boiling blood.
They found no rest, no ease, no respite gain'd,
But the worn body all its plagues retain'd:
The healing tribe stood silent, in dismay,
And eyed the havoc that they could not stay;
Much did they doubt what drugs, what aid to call,
To check the mischief that now menaced all.

The suffering victims of this dolorous pest
Whole nights lay groaning, closed no eye in rest;
Then came death's symptoms, his concluding train,
Delirium, reason clouded in the brain,
Quick bursts of sorrow, apprehensive fears,
Sad brow, the face of anguish or of tears,
Ears anxious, watchful, vex'd with rumbling sound,
Quick pulse, or powerful, but unequal found;
This a thin moisture to the neck supplied,
Pale, meagre spittle, as in saffron dyed,
And saltish taste; which rotting to decay
Scarce through the throat of hoarseness found its way.
The nerves, all spasm, in either hand contract,
The joints, all tremour, strong convulsions rack'd:
Palsies succeeded; agues, too, began
Their frozen chills and through the body ran.
As death approached, both nostrils were compress'd,
And the thinn'd nose departing life confess'd;
The hollow eyes, sunk forehead, parching skin
No more perspiring, spoke the pangs within;
Each quivering jaw a grin terrific wore,
And both stretch'd temples throb'd with life no more.
The ghastly face a death like aspect took,
As all the man with instant death was struck:
In such distress eight days the infected lay
The ninth beheld them their last tribute pay.

When nature to the plague superior rose,
And, yet conflicting, gave a short repose,
Then ulcers foul o'er all the body spread,
And a black vomit from the lungs was shed:—

This boded death; with this a while they strove,
 Then sunk forever, in a long remove.
 The usual signs that yielding nature fail'd,
 Were torturing pains that through the head prevail'd,
 Then, streaming blood from either nostril ran
 'Till none was left to vivify the man.
 The acrid stream that from the body flow'd
 Of dark, discoloured, vitiated blood,
 Even that exhausted, still the fierce disease
 On every nerve, on every limb would seize.

* * * * *

Some, yet while breathing, yet attached to life,
 Those parts dissevered with the cruel knife;
 Of hands deprived, with amputated feet
 Some liv'd, and blindness made their woe complete,
 To such extremes did fear of death impel,
 So much they griev'd to bid the world farewell.

In some, remembrance fail'd, and on the brain
 Oblivion govern'd with her sleepy train;
 All was forgot that mind or memory brings,
 No recollection of preceding things,
 Nor did they know, nor memory would restore
 That they had liv'd, or walk'd the earth before.

Though hosts unburied through the streets were spread,
 No birds approach'd the relics of the dead,
 To shun the infected air they kept remote,
 As sure, if tasting, death would be their lot:
 Hence, not one wing'd inhabitant of air,
 Nor bird of prey, voracious, ventured there.

No beasts of blood forsook the gloomy den
 To satiate hunger's rage on flesh of men;
 Their race contagion did alike pursue,
 This morbid vengeance they experienced too,
 And died by thousands: first, the faithful race
 Of dogs fell victims to its dire embrace;
 In every street, in every path or plain
 They breathed out life, in agony of pain;
 The sickly air inhaled, its deadly sway
 Raged through their blood, and scorch'd their lives away,
 Loads heaped on loads were lodg'd in caves obscure,
 Tremendous funerals from a death impure.

No happy sign appeared in physic's aid
 Of health returning, or of pains allayed;
 Or if, perchance, its powers in one prevail'd,
 (Some drug, that potent, with success assail'd,)
 Which gave some respite, lent a moment's ease,
 And still allow'd him on the sun to gaze;
 That to another brought immediate death,
 His funeral potion, his last gasp of breath.

And, what still added to this scene of woe,
 Made pang on pang, on misery, misery grow,
 Was this—Whoever felt the invading pains,
 The feverish fluid boiling through his veins,
 All hope of life he yielded, gave up all;
 His sentence pass'd that nothing could recall:
 With sinking heart, reclining on his bed,
 No hope remain'd him to escape the dead;
 At the long funeral gazing in despair
 He breath'd out life or join'd procession there.

Hence grew disease: contagion's wider reign

That added thousands to the infected train;
 One from another caught the infectious breath
 'Till all were suffering in one common death.
 Whoe'er for health, as yet, retain'd regard
 Fled from the infected, and no help prepared:
 Thus, even in life deserted, left to groan,
 They died unwitness'd, seen, consoled by none;
 Without one comfort, not one friendly eye
 To soften misery, or to see them die,
 Nor heeded more than sheep, the bestial train,
 Left to expire or languish on the plain.

Whoever near the infected quarters liv'd
 And yet the horrors of the plague surviv'd,
 Though hard the task, yet urged by shame to go,
 They went, reluctant, to the scene of woe,
 The funeral process, and with feeble hand
 Inhumed the dead; but much of toil complain'd.
 From this, no rank, no station could excuse,
 'Twas death to argue; ruin, to refuse.

Some, forced the dreary funerals to attend
 Of a fond consort, or some long-lov'd friend,
 Return'd, so smitten at the hideous scene,
 With tears so copious, and with griefs so keen,
 On the void bed, or prostrate on the floor
 They fell, and sickened, to revive no more.
 Thus death, disease, regret, and tears were there;
 All had their portion, all endured their share.

Nor only, Athens, were these ills for you,
 The shepherds, herdsmen, had their torments too;
 The hardy driver of the crooked plough
 Sad and repining, lost all vigour now.
 The cottages, so late with pleasure crown'd,
 So late where peace and innocence were found,
 Where rural beauty all its bliss enjoy'd,
 Disgraced with dead, the inhabitant annoyed.
 Fled was their bliss! to every ill resigned,
 To pain, disease, and poverty combined.
 The lovely infant and the blooming maid
 Were on the parent's senseless corpses laid;
 While the fond sire his sickening boy caress'd
 The fainting mother clasp'd him to her breast,
 Even in that act the dart of death she found,
 And dropt expiring, prostrate, on the ground.

Some, in despair, forsook the rural seat,
 And to the city made a swift retreat;
 From every part its fainting thousands fled,
 Who seized, and held, the apartments of the dead;
 Where close assembled in excess of fear
 Death ranged, and havock ran her mad career.
 Along the streets some pining, feverish, lay,
 And craz'd for water, cramm'd the public way.
 At every fountain, every conduit flood
 Their huddled thousands in a tremour stood;
 Were seen, voracious, in the stream to lave,
 And suffocating, swill the passing wave.

In public squares, those busy streets, where late
 In happier days, vast crowds on business met,
 Those squares, those streets, with every form of woe,
 With dead and dying, were encumber'd now;
 With loathsome filth, scabs, rot, and putrid blood
 In poisonous streams the nauseous kennels flow'd.

The abject covering for the naked bones
Were hides of beasts, to shroud the skeletons;
The ulcerous carcass, thus enwrapt, was borne,
Interred in sordid filth, and rags forlorn.

Huge heaps of dead defiled those blest abodes,
The domes and temples sacred to the Gods;
A mass of filth those beauteous fabrics fill'd,
Whose moisture draining, putrid floods distill'd:
None to the heavenly powers for succour pray'd,
No adoration to the Gods was paid,
They held them nothing, or esteem'd them not,
Gods, and Religion were alike forgot.
The instant ills, the urgent woes that press'd,
Engrossed all care, and occupied each breast.

At last, as forms and ancient customs led,
They ceased with solemn rites to inter the dead;
Each by himself, afflicted and afraid,
His dying neighbour to some pit conveyed;—
The impending curse to horrid things inclin'd,
And desperate hunger brutalized the mind.
Half frantic, some their perished friends consumed
And burn'd the corpse they would not have entomb'd.
With fearful howlings some the piles emblaz'd,
Or seiz'd on funeral piles that others rais'd,
To the dry heap the flaming torch applied,
And vex'd, or vengeful, every threat defy'd;
Hence angry feuds, and wars, and wounds began,
And streams of blood in purple torrents ran;
They rather chose promiscuous ruin spread,
And fall contending, than desert their dead.

BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson, the posthumous son of a clergyman was born in 1574. In childhood he was sent to Westminster School, whence he was removed upon his mother's marrying a bricklayer, in order to work under his step father. He escaped from this kind of tutelage and enlisted in the army. He afterwards entered Cambridge College which he was soon obliged to leave, owing to his poverty. He then turned his attention to the stage. He was unsuccessful as an actor, but acquired great fame as a dramatic writer. His forte was humor. He was not happy in his love scenes, nor in tragedy, which he twice attempted. In 1616 he was appointed by the king Poet Laureat with a salary. Notwithstanding his fine mental endowments, he was not an amiable man. His temper was characterised by pride, self-conceit and jealousy:—a disposition to disparage every one who incurred his displeasure. He died in 1636 at the age of sixty-three, and was at that time considered at the "head of English poetry." He was interred in Westminster Abbey, and this simple inscription placed over his grave, "O rare Ben Jonson!"

LORD BYRON AND LADY BLESSINGTON.

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS.

POOR Lord Byron! never was a more conspicuous mark set up for the missiles of the envious and malignant. Immeasurably beyond the age in which he lived—his early, sudden, and almost unprecedented success as an author—outstripping in the race far older and more practised competitors, and ultimately winning, in a career even more brilliant than it was brief, the prize for which many of them had been their whole lives struggling—these, together with the unhappy vicissitudes of his domestic life, of which eager advantage was immediately taken by those who either wished to “hitch themselves into notoriety,” or had old grudges to gratify—all conspired to place him under the angry surveillance of the whole range and race of dunces, and of some who had not the “apology of dullness” for the rancor of their hatred, but who, nevertheless, were not prone to forgive the equivocal honor of having had a niche assigned them in that poetical temple which the illustrious bard has left to commemorate his genius and their folly.—These, though they goaded him as gnats and gadflies do the lion, he could afford to despise, and perhaps pity—but there were others from whom he could not escape so easily, since, in reference to his private peace, they held the “issues of life and death” in their hands—his *domestic* foes. A devilish instinct seems to have guided and governed those who were immediately about his person. It was well known to them that his good natured friends had found in his *temper*, as they alleged, a convenient *after* excuse for resenting the effects upon him of their own ready misconstruction of his character, and consequently his actions. He was represented as proud, irritable, selfish, and unsocial; he fancied himself, in fact, (according to the favorite phrase on such occasions) “a being of superior order.” A person of this sort, it was said, was always *taking* offence, and therefore always at variance with those about him. It has been asserted,—and we believe on good authority,—that they labored to impress this *caution* upon the mind of Lady Byron, previous to her marriage with him, *in order to put her upon her guard against him*—her husband!—an obliging office, certainly, that called for her due acknowledgments. Lord Byron, moreover, as the lady was informed, had rendered himself very unpopular with a great many of his acquaintances, in consequence of his “way of living”—in other words, he thought himself better than other people. Against a character like this, the missiles of malice might with impunity be thrown, for there were “none to make afraid”,—and accordingly they were; and if indignation, getting the better of contempt, prompted him, at times, to throw *back* a shaft, or so—when too closely aimed, or keenly edged—his “bad temper” immediately became the topic among the “occult;” and in this way did they “abuse him to damn him.” But his “bad temper” was not alone sufficient, though “bad” enough. They soon detected another weak point in his character—*want of judgment*. This was a fortunate discovery for those whose predictions were of that class which are said to lead to their own fulfilment—for the “bad tem-

per" would not have taken needless offences so often, but for the worse than "bad judgment," which failed, always, to *discriminate*. Utter distrust, with its inseparable alienation of mind, necessarily took possession of the object of these domestic persecutions, and forced him, as he himself says, to "steel his heart against itself." This effect at length produced, he was forthwith called upon to sign a "deed of separation!"—and this by the very persons whose own conduct, together with that of the spies whom they employed to track his steps from morning to night, had caused him to turn on his pursuers—the grudging poltrons and designing hypocrites by whom he was environed—by the very persons who, not content with destroying his peace, sought to wound his character and credit—who, after a lapse of years, came forth and publickly denounced him, when he could no more be heard in his own defence—when the only tongue that would have been incapable of falsehood, had been silenced forever, for his auto-biography had been destroyed by those to whom he had entrusted it.

But his "Letters" have been spared us, and these, too, it has been attempted to turn against him. In his epistolary remains he is charged with playing a deceptive part—furnishing a "true image" of himself only in the gloomier portions of his poetry! To the effusions of his imagination, rather than to those which might be *supposed* to flow more immediately from the heart, we are ingeniously referred for a true reflection of his real character. As this proposition is both new and startling, it may be curious to see the reasons in its support. These are, then, that the gloomier and fiercer passions which inspired the *muse* of Byron, seldom break forth in his "Letters." The *muse* and the *man* are thus coolly identified; and, accordingly, the "Letters" are to be rejected as not genuine, because, in writing to his friends, Lord Byron forgot for a moment (and was doubtless glad to forget) his enemies; and, having so far no cause for "fierceness," indulged the kindlier dispositions of his nature. It is difficult which most to admire, the good sense or good feeling manifested in this view of Lord Byron's character—which *assumes* him to have been under less control before the public, than in private! Is not the invariable and inevitable *reverse*, the truth? It is from his "Letters," then, and not his poems, that we are in justice bound to look for his *real* character—if words, and not actions, can ever safely be taken as the criterion. One fact is worth an hundred theories, and an intimate friend of Lord Byron's has said of him that he was the most fearless, plain-spoken man he had ever met with—that he concealed nothing, that is from his friends (or himself, either)—but did he tell all this to the public? It would be unwarrantable to suppose so; and, accordingly, we repeat that it is in his familiar letters to his friends, and not in his studied appearance before the public, that we see reflected the true character of the man. Charitable indeed were the conclusion, that because in those private hours when all unbend (who are *permitted* to do so,) and take refuge from the world, from "the winter of its discontent," in that "soft green of the soul" which puts forth only under the quiet and happy influence of the domestic hearth—that because Lord Byron did not diffuse the blight of evil passions over this—that because he yielded to the soothing, the healing

spirit of such hours, and partook of their benign auspices to the extent to which the good will of others would permit, who had effectually poisoned the sources from which his eager and capable bosom would otherwise have drank—that *therefore* he was only affecting what he did not feel; was only assuming a virtue which he had not; was still only the “bad man” under the disguise of a seeming goodness—was, in short, only the devil under the worst possible form—that of the god! Had the “Letters” of Lord Byron displayed ferocity, vindictiveness, &c. &c. they would have been accredited, it seems, as coming from the “heart;” but they are for the most part playful, unpremeditated and good humored, *therefore* they furnish no “true image” of the writer’s character!

It is, indeed, recorded of Robespierre, that he went about his butcheries, in the streets of Paris, dressed in a red silk, or satin, waistcoat—the extreme of dandyism; and Lord Byron himself says of Ali Pacha (the tyrant of Albania,) that his *smile* was one of the sweetest he ever saw, though generally the forerunner of some deed of blood;—what then? They were devils in human shape; and unless Lord Byron can be shown to have been twin brother in disposition to those worthies, posterity, at least, will be sure to reverse the judgment which has been so complacently passed upon him in his “Letters.” But *is* it true that none of the “fiercer passions” break forth in those letters? Far from it. In many of them are to be met the most *withering* expressions of wrath and scorn. Such feelings have but one language, and that language is abundantly to be met with in the letters in question. It was hazarding something, then, to assert the contrary, when the contrary is thus disproved by the letters themselves. Not that we think the less of Lord Byron’s “heart” for these expressions of indignant and bereaved feeling. If ever man had cause for the bitterest and most unsparing imprecations, *he had*. Language was inadequate—too tame—too poor—to convey a just idea of the utter desolation of his fortunes; his prostration of soul; the unmingled and unmitigated misery which had steeped him to the very lips. Were the lost hopes of a father nothing?*

* Lord Byron’s “Ada,” “sole daughter of his house and heart,” the present Lady King, is said, like her mother, to be addicted to mathematics, and averse from poetry; eschews that of her father, whose name and memory, we are told, are “the one disagreeable subject” to which she never alludes, or suffers allusion. Can it indeed be so? We would fain hope not, yet fear that she has, from her infancy up, been so *schooled* by her mother’s household, as to consider, if not “dull hate,” at least dislike of her father’s memory, a *duty* which she owes to those who had warred upon *him*, and with whom her temporal interests had been identified! The “moral Clytemnestra of her Lord,” we think Lady Byron might have been contented with the relentless and unforgiving course which she herself pursued toward him while he lived, and at least have paused ere she proceeded to instil into the bosom of his child sentiments toward her father at which the mind revolts with a feeling of horror. Whatever may have been the faults of his conduct toward Lady Byron, the feelings he bore his daughter were of unmixed tenderness; they constituted the only green spot in the waste of his memory—though even over *that* had separation thrown the livery of its sadness, and infused regret into the abiding bosom of a father. Surely the hand is unblest which could prompt to such unnatural warfare—which arms the child against the parent—and steels her bosom against all the “fond records” of a love which, in relation to *her*, at least, had known no ebb—a love which misfortune never yet had power to chill, nor time abate.

Were the feelings of the man outraged,—the affections of the husband violated,—or, if he had no affection as a husband, as finding none, the sacred and unapproachable rights of a husband first impugned, and then trampled upon,—his “hearthstone,” as he himself tells us, “turned into a tomb,”—proscribed,—hunted,—vilified,—his very name attainted, and his nature an abhorrence!—was *this nothing?* Why then the world, and all that it contains, is nothing. Yet was this the man whose character and conduct have been weighed in the scales against the unobstructed virtues, the unbeset, untempted, unassailed feelings of the “mob of gentlemen,” who pass for the most part quietly from the cradle to the grave,—arraigned and criminated, charged with acting from “impulse,” and accordingly denounced as “unprincipled.” We should like to know how *else* he could have acted. Is it then come to this,—is every engine of torment that cunning combined with malice could devise, put in action against the peace and credit of Lord Byron,—are the flood-gates of wrath and vituperation let loose upon his head,—does calumny, with its inseparable baseness, seek to poison the very fountains of his being,—is he filled with unmeasured scorn, disgust and indignation from perceiving that *suspicion*,—vigilant as it is vile,—lay lurking in the breasts of his immediate household, who at length succeeded in instilling the treacherous feeling into the bosom of the woman nearest to him of all the world,—and, in addition to all this, is that “fierce eye of the public,” so much depreciated by Cowper, forever fixed upon him, not unwilling to detect blemishes and drawbacks upon the character of one who had *extorted*, by the force of superior genius, its involuntary homage,—are his domestic affairs embarrassed,—his domestic resources failing him,—do these griefs and grievances “push him to extremity,”—and are these effects of a bruised heart and broken mind seized upon, and, with a studied refinement upon a cold-blooded cruelty, and an exquisite effrontery worthy of the arch devil of old, turned against him,—tortured into proofs of mental aberration,—cooly and deliberately set forth as the evidence of his “madness?” Is a man, we ask, thus environed and thus goaded,—and does a jury of inquest, self-summoned to sit in judgment upon his moral character, in the fulness of their wisdom and their virtue, return a verdict of “guilty” against him,—branding him as having acted from “impulse,” and denouncing him as “unprincipled!” “A plague upon their houses,” then!—should they one day fall upon their heads and crush them, calamity may teach them a little charity, though it come too late for the credit for their hearts or understandings.

One of the most unfortunate errors of Lord Byron’s life, was that of his associating with persons who were not upon a footing with him. This error he was at length made to feel, but as strong mental pride seems to have led to the error, so it only tended to confirm him in it. While the great world were admiring him from a distance, he found it convenient to keep up around him a nearer, inner circle, from which went forth, as it were, a sort of connecting link by means of which he was enabled to preserve, full and unbroken, the great and splendid chain which may be said to have encompassed his poetical existence. In doing this, however, it is to be lamented that he did not learn better

how to select his associates.* Had he kept *certain* of these at a proper distance, his friends would have been spared the mortification of reading the many gross calumnies that were propagated against him by the pitiful underlings, the half-bred and half-educated cockneys who could succumb to him while living, to stand on him when dead,—seeking to hunt down his memory because its lustre threw their own in the shade. What then have the mighty dead to hope for, when malice, under the guise of a friendship which “strikes where it doth love,” is permitted to exhibit the worst possible picture of their moral characters, and tell you, ‘It is drawn to the life, because I knew them; and it is in accordance with the truth, because I cannot be suspected to belie my friends.’

But, as if to leave no stone unturned whereby to crush the moral man whose genius soared so far above the level of his fellows, his enemies proceeded to avail themselves of the social advantages enjoyed by Sir Walter Scott, in order to exhibit *his* life as a sort of foil to that of Lord Byron, and thus depress the latter, who is accordingly sneered at throughout the following passage, attributed to Mr. Bryant, one of the editors of the New York Evening Post:

‘The life of Scott shows us that adherence to all the usages of society, a discharge of the routine of business, and indulgence in the purest domestic affections, did not interfere with the most prodigal display of versatile genius, and the most prolific labors of the pen.’

There is nothing new in this observation—it is known, to all in the least conversant with the history of literary men, to have been exemplified in the lives of many of them, and the *reverse* is not less true; and, accordingly, we find in the *circumstances* of Lord Byron’s life (to say nothing of complexional differences) more than enough to repel the censure thus attempted to be cast upon him. It should never have been lost sight of, that *society* came in for its share in the formation of Lord Byron’s character, and to a degree greater, perhaps, than in any other instance of distinguished genius of which we have any records,—but only to give proof of its hollow-hearted hypocrisy, and utter baseness. It caressed and idolized him (or at least affected to do so) in the first instance, the more effectually to wound and villify him in the last. This gave an acerbity (as well it might) to his feelings, which abided with him to the day of his death. With regard to “indulgence in the purest domestic affections,” *his* had been blighted before they were allowed to take root. No man of just or good feeling, then, would be capable of visiting upon Lord Byron, in the way of censure, the *very circumstance* which constituted the most painful ingredient in that cup of unmingled bitterness which he had been made to drain to its last dregs. The invidiousness of this attempted discrimination between the lives of Byron and Scott, reflects little credit upon its author (himself

* To use a plainer illustration, he found it necessary to his mental health to keep up to a certain degree the excitement which had been produced by his brilliant success as a poet, and this could be done only by having near him, and in a measure under his control, men who would be solicitous to syllable his merits in those intervals of the public regard when an author is usually supposed to be employed in collecting materials for future efforts that are to enhance and ensure his reputation.

a poet, and a man of considerable genius); it is manifestly the "suggestion of a mind at ease," and we can tell him that it ill becomes those, the current of whose fortunes may have been permitted to run smooth, to indulge in such comparisons at the expense of others, the whole tenor of whose existence may have been one of pain and social privations. These are men not likely, at best, to be *happy*, in the ordinary sense of the word—but the little enjoyments which *might* have fallen to their lots, have too often been wrested and snatched from them by a series of events sufficient to have crushed an hundred of the common order of minds; and if *they* were not driven to desperation, it has only been,—to use Lord Byron's own words,—

Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom we survey.

These remarks have been suggested by Lady Blessington's *alleged* "Conversations" with Lord Byron, for though she may indeed have 'conversed' with him, we have no reason to believe that he ever uttered one half the silly things attributed to him by this most reputable lady. It was necessary to make a book, and so she drew upon her fancy for her facts, at the expense of a man whose moral character has been sufficiently villified, though certainly no worse than that of hundreds of others who are indebted to their obscurity for the impunity with which they daily abuse the decencies and trifle with the humanities of life. But for certain reflections, then—forced upon us by the yelping curs who still seek to hunt down the moral fame of Lord Byron, as they sought to overtake and mangle his fortunes whilst he lived,—those who knew how to appreciate genius, and have a sympathy alike for its errors and misfortunes, might derive a melancholy satisfaction from the knowledge that

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done its worst; malice domestic,
Nothing can touch him further.

SIGNS OF A GOOD APPETITE.

When a late master of Richmond School, Yorkshire, came, a *raw* lad in his teens, to matriculate at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was invited to dinner by his tutor, and happened to be seated opposite some boiled fowls, which, having just emptied a plate of his *quantum* of fish, he was requested to *carve*. He accordingly took one on his plate, but not being a *carver*, he leisurely ate the whole of it, *minus* the bones, not at all disconcerted by the smiles of the other guests; and when the cheese appeared, and his host cut a plateful for him to pass round the table, he coolly set to and eat the whole himself. He, notwithstanding, proved a good scholar, and distinguished himself both in classics and mathematics, is now a canon residentiary of St. Paul's, and a very worthy divine, who has earned his reputation, preferments, and dignities by his merits only.

MY MAN DICK.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED "TALES OF THE PACKOLETTE."

THAT last glass was the thing. It has loosened my tongue, and I shall no further hesitate to comply with the requisition of our Commander-in-Chief. Let me think—what shall it be? Your examples so far are all auto-biographical, and I opine I must follow the lead. If I can make something out of nothing—well; if not, you will loose your time and I my trouble, so here goes for a sketch of the auto-biography of your humble servant, Tolliver Grinaway, junior, or of his man Dick, which ever you may be disposed to christen my story.

My man Dick and I, were born on the same day and in the same hour, and our fortunes have been so intimately blended ever since, that I shall find it difficult to speak of myself without bringing in his name.

You see the copper-coloured rascal how he stands shewing his ivory at me, which I take to be a base insinuation on his part that I am already, pretty much, how come ye so. It is false. Open that other bottle, Dick—this talking makes one thirsty—and have done, I enjoin you, with *looking* your slanders.

As I was saying, Dick, who was the fruit of a *liason* between the overseer and head nurse, was born in the same hour with myself, and so remarkable did my worthy father consider the coincidence, that at three years of age he formally transferred Dick in fee, as the right and property of his son Tol. When the interesting fact was explained to me, I immediately asserted my right of property, by seizing Dick by the wool and dragging him to the floor. The contumacious little villain not having the fear of his lawful master before his eyes, resented the supposed insult, by mauling me most unmercifully, much to my annoyance, but greatly to the delight of my honored Pa, who swore Dick should have fair play, and that if Tol could not govern his own slaves no body else should.

A thousand bloody-nosed battles cemented the friendship between Dick and myself, and he became my protector against all the other little negroes on the plantation. True, he would thrash me himself whenever he took the notion—but then he respected my legal claims upon his duty so far, as to permit no other the same liberty.

When I was sent off to school, Dick was sent to the plough, and all rivalry between us from that time ceased. He did not intermit his interest in me, however, nor forget that I was his liege lord. My semi-annual visits to Moss Hill, always found Dick the first to welcome me home, and his joyful shouts of "Massa Toll's come," invariably brought out all the small fry to join in the kindly greeting.

Man and boy, we have lived together for the last fifty years.

"*Sixty*," interposed Dick, with decided emphasis.

"Hear the impudent scoundrel," rejoined the master, warmly. "Do you dare Mr. Copper-Skin to dispute my word in company? I say *fifty*, sir. You may be *sixty* for aught I know or care. I am not sure that you did not live out your three score and ten some twenty years since, and ought regularly to have been buried at that time. Confound the

fellow, he has put me in a passion. Get out of my sight, sir. Get out I say, or —— but open that other bottle before you and then ——keep your place, and keep yourself quiet.”

Various were the difficulties which Dick's zeal for the honor of his master, got me into. After I left college, he became my body servant, and so varied and multiplied were the lies he told, with a view of puffing me, that I was in constant dread of his detection; well knowing that however innocent myself, every body would believe me the instigator of the falsehood. The annoyance was almost insupportable—but Dick was incorrigible,—neither prayers nor threats could change or control him. He rejected with scorn the idea that I would either sell him or dispence with his personal services, and continued his system of lying, unmoved by my most vigorous attempts to prevent him.

I was travelling in one of the States to the South of us, and had determined to stop a few days in one of the principal towns. Amidst the great variety of company in the house, I, of course, passed almost unnoticed, and began to feel quite comfortable. But on the second day my annoyances began. The landlord attended the table in person, and was distressingly polite in his attentions—the servants seemed to have neither eyes nor ears for any commands beside by own. An unusual silence prevailed at the table. I was evidently the cause of this unpleasant effect, and began seriously to wish myself a thousand miles off. I knew full well it was all owing to some infernal lie of Dick's, but what was its character I could not imagine. There he stood behind my chair as dignified and as grave as a judge, discharging his duties with unwonted respect and attention. I longed for the opportunity, cowhide in hand, to force the secret out of him, as I firmly resolved on doing, soon after I left the table; but Dick seemed to have some misgivings of the charitable state of my mind, and until dinner time was among the missing. Then indeed he took his place as dignified and as grave as ever.

On rising from the table, I was happy in being saluted by an old college friend. We immediately adjourned to my room, where over our wine I laid open the griefs that annoyed me, and consulted him on the course I ought to pursue, in order to avoid the mortification of being scoffed at as a wilful impostor. The tale of petty distress delighted my friend Bob R., who swore he would have the secret out of Dick before night. I had no objection to his pumping Dick, whilst at the same time I feared that his waggish propensities might incline him to become a coadjutor of Dick's, in continuing the annoyance. However, I consented to send for Dick, and friend Bob placed himself at the head of the stairs to intercept him as he came forward to obey the call. I will give you the substance of their dialogue, which in part betrayed the secret of my greatness, and shows Dick's over-anxiety for the honor of his master.

“Well Dick, how are you? Who do you belong to now?”

“Ky, massa! you know me—don't know I 'longs to massa Tol?”

“No, I did'nt know but he had sold you. Is your master a gentleman?”

“Contraptions! why you ask? Massa Tol best blood in Sout Calinee.”

"Is he? Then I suppose he's a big man. Holds no office though, eh?"

"Sartin for true him duz. I and massa Tol go to Washentun next winter."

"Oh! he's a member of Congress, is he?"

"Contraptions! you no hear dat afore. Sartin for true."

"Well, but they all call him Mr. Grinaway, here. Now I thought that all the Carolina gentlemen when they travelled were Generals or Colonels, or at least Majors."

"Ky, massa," said Dick in a tone slightly contemptuous, "you no understand dem tings. Massa Tol no stood his draft yet."

"His draft! Why Dick do they draft their Generals and Colonels in South Carolina."

"De zactly, massa. I tell you how tis, de peeples dey say Tol Grinaway rich man's son—he by all de unicorn, no feel it a single bit—we draft Tol for jinral. Massa Tol he make grand speech to de peeples. He say, me go to 'sembly to please you, me go to Kongrist to please you, why for you draft me for jinral? Spose you draft Bill Anvill for jinral; he good blacksmi—make good jinral too. Peeples dey say, hurrah for Bill Anvill; massa Tol treat to gallon whiskey. Peeples say, we no draft Tol Grinaway dis time, he too clever feller for dat. Gentlemens always call Mister—massa Tol tip top gentleman, best blood in Sout Calinee; he farder kum from ole Firginny."

"Aye, I understand it *now*, Dick. So when a man is not rich enough and popular enough to avoid a draft, they make an officer of him whether he will or no."

"Contraptions! dats it, dezactly, massa."

I could stand it no longer—but sallying from my room, saluted Mr. Dick with the butt end of my sulky whip. Before the blow could be repeated, Dick had evaporated. Bob R. broke into an interminable horse laugh, which promised fair to arouse the whole house. To avoid such an *expose*, I darted into my room, carefully locking the door after me.

Although extremely angry, I could not help feeling the folly of taking so seriously matters which, in themselves, presented a character perfectly ludicrous. I felt assured, and was not mistaken in the supposition, that Bob R. would, in mere sport, confirm every thing Dick had asserted, and began to conclude I had better submit with a good grace to the necessity of being considered a member of Congress. At the same time I was satisfied Dick had *tied on* some additional claim to the consideration of the boarders, who, I could not believe, were so little in the habit of meeting members of Congress, as to show on that account alone, so great a deference and respect in his presence. What the additional lie was I could not imagine, and knew it would be useless to question Dick on the subject.

I had hardly recovered my equanimity, when a respectful knock at the door announced some one in waiting. It was my landlord, who handing me a little rose coloured card, took the liberty of hoping I found my accommodations to my liking; and being answered in the affirmative, bowed and retired. The billet was to the following purport:

“Mr. and Mrs. Smith’s compliments to the Honorable Mr. Grinaway of South Carolina, they respectfully and earnestly solicit the pleasure of his company at their house on to-morrow evening, 8 o’clock.”

I did not stop to enquire who Mr. and Mrs. Smith were; but feeling the ridiculousness of my involuntary position, ordered my horses to be brought out instantly. These orders did not seem very acceptable to my man Dick, who raised a variety of objections to our evening’s start. Rob Roy, he said, had cast a shoe and could not travel—Di Vernon was lame in a hind foot, and required more rest. But I was peremptory, and Dick reluctantly obeyed.

“I am sorry,” remarked my landlord, as I went forward to pay my bill, “I am sorry that any thing has occurred to deprive us so soon of the pleasure of your company.”

“Nothing has occurred on your part, my friend,” replied I, “I like your house—like your town—and would like to stay in it a few days longer, but my infernal lying servant would drive me from paradise, were he in attendance upon me. Let me tell you, sir, I have no disposition to pass for what I am not. I am a plain, unambitious man. I am no member of Congress, whatever my man Dick may assert to the contrary.”

“Oh yes, I understand,” said mine host, with a knowing smile, “you devote yourself exclusively to your literary pursuits.”

“My literary pursuits! I am not aware I have any, unless attending to my own business, and reading the newspapers, can be called ‘literary pursuits.’”

“What,” asked Boniface, doubtingly, “are you not the author of ———,” naming the newest and most fashionable novel.

Death and the devil! here was the secret let out with a vengeance. Mr. and Mrs. Smith wanted to lionize me at their party, as the gifted author of ———. Dick, not contented with the honor of my being a member of Congress elect, had given me the paternity of our distinguished Cooper’s very best production. I have never since ventured into the town of ———, and would to this day ride an hundred miles to avoid that scene of my early honors.

Tolliver Grinaway, senior, like a dutiful parent, in due time presented his son Tolliver Grinaway, jr. with some thirty workers and a reasonable share of Moss Hill, and bade him go to planting as a gentleman should do. My man Dick was made head driver, and being really interested in my pecuniary success, as well as in my personal honor, assisted me very efficiently. In our neighborhood he had little scope for his puffing system, so that we got along for several years without my suffering any very great annoyance from his peculiar propensity.

But Dick had another foible which occasionally, in his great zeal for my character, produced an annoyance almost equal to his lying. He never could distinguish between a gentleman and a fashionable coat. A well dressed man was always in his estimation a gentleman, and entitled to his attention and respect. One plainly dressed was nobody, and precious little notice did Dick take of such a visitor to the house. His mistakes were often sufficiently mortifying even to himself, to have induced a correcter judgment—but experience could not improve him.

"The *coat* was the standard of the man," and by that standard all my guests continued to be measured.

He once refused me to my estimable friend Governor M. The Governor's homespun coat and Indian poney were conclusive against his pretensions to the character of a gentleman—and most pertinaciously did Dick declare I was not at home. "Contraptions," exclaimed he, deeply mortified when he discovered his mistake, "contraptions, who eber seed a Gubner riding a tackey, afore now. He dress wusser an a poor man's oberseer."

Equally at fault, was Dick's judgment in my very next visiter who drove up to the house in a handsome sulkey, was fashionably dressed, and of course, thought Mr. Dick, "a gentleman." I had been through the plantation, and according to Dick's standard, was not in fitting time to meet the "great man" who waited an audience.

"Massa not at home," said Dick; although at the time I was in sight of the house, and approaching it to receive my visitor.

"Who is that gentleman?" asked the visitor.

"Dat's de oberseer," replied Dick promptly.

Had I been as regardful of appearances as my man Dick, I could have escaped the reproach of shewing myself in soiled linen and a hunting shirt—but I was not, and entered the drawing room without changing my dress, notwithstanding Dick's most earnest entreaties to the contrary.

"I am sorry," said my visiter, "that I have missed the pleasure of seeing Mr. Grinaway—but I hope that my call will not prove an entire failure. Suffer me to show *you* the prospectus of a very valuable work for which I am soliciting subscriptions."

Dick looked aghast. He had palmed me off upon the Itinerant as the overseer, and not only did he stand detected in the lie, but he experienced the shame of having once more so palpably mistaken a fine coat for a fine gentleman.

"Contraptions! Misser Pedler," said the enraged Dick, addressing my smiling—bowing visitor; "why de debble cant you tell a gentlemans from he oberseer. Dat's massa Tol heself."

I succeeded very well in my planting interest, had reached my thirty-fifth birth-day, when it accidentally came into my head that I might as well marry. I had never thought of the subject before, and the novelty of the idea kept me awake the greater part of the night. My determination, however, was soon made. I resolved to marry and take the chance of assisting to perpetuate the honorable blood of the Grinaways, but my cogitations were very much beclouded on one point, I had kept myself so much aloof from the ladies, that I could not recollect a single one with whom I had the honor of a personal acquaintance. I had no personal intimates with whom to consult, and was driven as a dernier resort to ask the opinion and advice of my man Dick.

I had entirely forgotten ever having heard that a Virginia cousin Miss Dolly Grinaway was not only an orphan, but an heiress. She must now have reached her thirtieth year in a state of single blessedness, if still unmarried. Dick's memory was more tenacious than mine; he had heard of the orphan heiress, and immediately suggested

a visit to the "Old Dominion" to make the necessary enquiries after "Cousin Dolly." The plan struck me as quite feasible, and having good reason to recommend it, I had determined on taking to myself a wife, and Dolly Grinaway was as likely to suit me as any body else. My relationship would warrant me in visiting her, and render it more easy for me to make my proposals, than under other circumstances I might have found it. Beside, though not mercenary, I could not help thinking that the heiress's fortune would be a very comfortable addition to my own.

Imagine me, if you please, at the river on which the little town of —, is situated. There Cousin Dolly made her residence, and that far had I proceeded in search of a wife. Dick was in attendance upon me, having solemnly promised before leaving home, not to misrepresent me on the journey. So far as I knew, he had kept his word and I had passed thus far with only the ordinary annoyances to which a private gentleman is always subjected in travelling.

I noticed that Dick and the ferryman were in close confab whilst we were crossing the river, but did not suspect the plot which was really brewing against my quiet.

Well, I was snugly ensconced in the principal hotel, thinking of nothing but my intended visit to Dolly in the morning, when my reveries were suddenly broken by a loud bawling at the door. Is *Jinral* Grinaway here? *Jinral* Grinaway left his cloak in the ferry boat, and I have brought it to him. It was shortly before supper time, and all the inmates of the house were lounging about the piazza and lower rooms, and consequently had an opportunity of learning the important fact that General Grinaway had arrived in town. It was one of Dick's infernal practical lies. He had bribed the ferryman to join in the plot, and between them, without ever having held a military commission, I was made a General for life. Dick now came forward and claimed the cloak,—it belonged, he said, with becoming gravity, to his master, *Jinral* Grinaway of Sout Calina. The ferryman was rewarded for his rascality with a silver quarter, and Dick strutted into the house with the conscious importance attached to the body servant of a General.

I had entered my name as plain Tolliver Grinaway of South Carolina. On looking over the register the next morning I found the title of General prefixed in the hand writing as I supposed of my courteous landlord.

Dick it seems had changed his notions about military titles since the time in which he had asserted that all the gentlemen from South Carolina were called Mister. In addition to making me a general he had, as I afterwards discovered, given me the whole of Moss Hill with its hundred and seventy workers, wholly regardless of the just claims of my brothers and sisters on the life estate held and enjoyed by the senior Grinaway.

My reception by cousin Dolly was as flattering as I could have anticipated, though she betrayed her knowledge of my arrival previously to my call, by invariably addressing me as General Grinaway. This fact I thought argued favorably, beside she enquired in the kindest manner after the various members of my family, and seemed to take the deepest interest in every thing that concerned them.

How I sped in my wooing, need not be told in detail. Day after day found me in Cousin Dolly's company, and continually growing in her good graces. Having, like an able tactician, made my advances with due caution and circumspection, I at length ventured to *pop* the question. We were near the river and in sight of the ferry at the very moment I made the tender of my hand and fortune. I had always prided myself on sustaining the character of an open candid gentleman. A sudden qualm of conscience, which no doubt a sight of the ferryman produced, reminded me that possibly the heiress might be acting under a mistaken idea as regarded my fortune and character.

Dolly very naturally "blushed, sighed, and hung down her head." I thought the answer would be favorable. Before you answer, cousin Dolly, said I, permit me to add a few words which my character as a gentleman requires me to speak,—I would not willingly deceive you; I am no General unless the suffrage of yon rascally ferryman coupled with that of my own still more rascally attendant, can make me one. I am *not* the owner of Moss Hill and its gang of workers, but simply the proprietor of my own one sixth, to which I have made a reasonable addition since the ten years I have had it in possession. My man Dick has placed me before your towns-people in a false position, which in honor I cannot sustain with you.

"I admire your candor, Cousin Tolliver," replied she, "and honor your motives. Whether you are a General or not, cannot make the slightest difference. I will not deny that as a part of the gossip of the town I had heard you represented as a man of large fortune. Your own representations show your circumstances to be independent :—What more could any reasonable woman ask when tendered by a man of honor,—but"

This speech of Cousin Dolly's certainly sounded very sensible. I had begun to felicitate myself on the certainty of success, when the added "*but*" fell like a damper on the bursting flame.

But, she continued, "come with me to the shade, I have much to say to you.—Let us sit down, and it may be that *my* candour may change your present views."

I obeyed in silence, wholly ignorant of what the lady intended.

"I do not know," said she, when we had seated ourselves, "how far you are informed of my *true* situation. I must be satisfied on that point, and then am ready to answer you. Answer me truly, Cousin Tolliver, did you leave South Carolina with a view of visiting and addressing me?"

"I did."

"Of course you enquired into my character and fortune.—What was the result of those enquiries?"

"That you were a well educated, sensible young lady :—My father informed me that you were an orphan, that you had been left some fifty slaves, a valuable plantation and a considerable sum in ready money, that you had had many fine offers of marriage, which from some unknown cause, you had uniformly rejected, and that he supposed you would make an excellent wife, could I be so fortunate as to win your favour."

"Did he speak of no reverses, no misfortunes to the orphan heiress, whom he so kindly recommended to his son?"

None.

"Then I must follow the candid example you have set me, and speak of them myself. Listen and judge for yourself. Report spoke truly of the amount of property left by my father. I was his only child, consequently, the sole heiress of his estate, but with his death my troubles began. A suit at law for the recovery of the plantation on which we resided, was soon afterwards commenced. By some legerdmain of the law, some unheard of minority in the claimants, some strangely kept back and long unknown better paper title; the plaintiffs succeeded. My patrimony was awarded to strangers by the supreme tribunal of the State. The large sum of ready money left by my father was expended in the payment of his debts and the necessary law expenses. How it happened that my father with his profuse and extravagant habits of expenditure could have accumulated so considerable a sum in cash was a matter of surprise not only to myself, but to all who knew him. I was not, however, long left in ignorance,—The money had been borrowed from the bank and secured by a deed of trust on all his slaves. The sequel may easily be anticipated. The closing of the business left me penniless, my needle was my only resource from want and dependence. Such was the fate of the heiress of Bell Hall. I bore it with what fortitude I could, and have heretofore only anticipated the hapless destiny ever attendant on female poverty. The many fine offers of marriage of which your father spoke, *might* have been made, had I really continued an heiress. As it is, I cannot boast of any conquests or any rejected offers. You have heard my story cousin Tolliver. It remains for *you* to decide whether you will renew to the penniless orphan the proposals you supposed you were making to the rich heiress."

Is this a true story you have been telling me? I asked.

"Yes."

You have lost your plantation in a law-suit?

"Yes."

You have spent all your ready money in the payment of your father's debts and your legal expenses?

"Yes."

Your slaves have all been sold to foreclose a mortgage?

"Yes."

And you in truth and in fact are without a fortune?

"Yes."

Whew! Thunder and Potomac, wasn't here a pretty kettle of fish. All my bright and airy castles dissolved as suddenly as the valley fog disappears before the beams of a summer sun. Dolly Grinaway after all was *no* heiress. How could I answer? dumbfounded as I was by the astounding discovery.

Dick, you dog, fill my glass once more, you stupid rascal,—had you had the eyes of a bat, you might have seen the true state of affairs and given me a hint in time,—but you were justly punished for your stupidity and your lying propensities by being subjected for twenty years to the caprices of a woman. Ah! you grin exultingly,—the annoyance is

now over. Well, well! your mistress is gone to where there shall be no more—scolding. Out of respect to her memory, I'll take another glass.—I'll never marry again, nor lay aside my widower's weeds.

Excuse me, gentlemen, said Mr. Grinaway, after apostrophizing Dick until he had drunk three additional glasses of wine,—Excuse me, I have, I believe, anticipated the finale of my wooing. It is true, I carried home the portionless Dolly Grinaway as my bride; the secrets of matrimony shall not be told by me. Let that pass, all the fools a'nt dead yet, and we'll catch a heap more in the same net to bear us company.

There was something touching in my cousin's account of herself, which forbade me a brief withdrawal of my proposals. Beside, having made the offer I began to think I was bound in honor to renew it. I would have sung *te deum* had she rejected me; but of that I had little hope. One little stratagem, which I *called* acting candidly, I tried and failed most signally.

My dear cousin, said I, so soon as I *could* speak, I most sincerely lament your misfortunes. I beg you to believe, however, I could not think of withdrawing my proposals because I find you poor when I thought you rich. I admire your candour as much as you did mine. If you can afford to have me after coming to the knowledge of a single fact I will now make known to you,—say so, and name the weddig day.

"What is the fact you refer to?" asked Dolly, in evident agitation.

Know then, cousin of mine, I am perfectly bald-headed. So saying, I raised my wig, exposing the whole of my naked pate, with a secret hope it would disgust her into a rejection.

"I am rejoiced at it," cried Dolly, jumping up and clapping her hands in extacy. "It removes the last difficulty between us, and if you wish, I will marry you to-morrow. For know cousin of *mine*, I *too* am bald." And in proof of her assertion she raised *her* wig sufficiently to remove all doubt of the fact.

A man might as well laugh as cry at what he can't help. The mode in which I had been foiled in my little *finesse*,—the popping of our bald heads into each other's face, operated on my risibility, that I laughed long, loud, heartily and good humoredly. I submitted to my fate as a sensible man always will do when he finds it inevitable, and Dolly the next day became my wife.

"Contraptions, bad speck dat for Masa Tol," groaned Dick quite audibly.

General Tolliver Grinaway had by this time become pretty much fuddled,—his speech got thick and his mind oblivious of the particular subject under discussion, he attempted what no public speaker, ancient or modern, ever could do successfully, he attempted to compliment himself

I am an orator, he said, I was born an orator, nothing but spite and malice has kept me thus long off the stage. I could teach Kean his A.B.C. in tragedy. Oh, great John of Roanoke, leave me thy mantle and a fig for thy high blooded stud, thy slaves and tobacco grounds. Modesty gentlemen—modesty is a jewel, invaluable for its rarity,—Had I a thimble full of impudence, I'd astonish you.

Dick, I'll retire, I am sometimes troubled with weakness in my limbs, which renders the aid of my man Dick necessary.

Good night, gentlemen, continued the General, as Dick mounted his master on his back. Good night to all.

Hippopotamus! Dick did you ever see an hippopotamus?

"Contraptions," muttered Dick as he bore his master out at the door

"Contraptions, Massa Tol's d—d drunk to-night."

MUSIC.

Open the window—let the morning air
Come dancing through;—the pure and balmy air,—
And let me hear the voice that never fails
To greet me when I rise—the mocking bird.

Sweeter than lute by gentle fingers pressed,
Oh sweeter than the serenade that swells
Beneath the lattice of his lady love,
When youth and passion wake the thrilling chords,
To me these unpremeditated strains.
No arduous minstrel striving for the palm
May emulate in rich and varied sound,
The outgushing of his spirit. Joy and love
Are fountains in his heart that must have voice.

Three simple notes he carols oft and oft—
Weary of these he tries more varied strains:—
Rapid—in fine succession on they pour,
A very shower of music,—till for breath
He pauses. Warbling then a strain so full
Of plaintive tenderness it calls for tears;—
When, straight the rogue, as if in mockery,
Changes the soft lay to a harsh wild scream.
Yet not o'er long dwells he on dissonance,
But, by the contrast more harmonious made,
Takes up again th' unbidden melody.

His pleased companions of the garden, hush
Their songs, less exquisite, and list to his.
They, with their various plumage charm the eye,
But he, blithe reveller, hath power to lull
Each sense but one in deep forgettfulness—
Quick as the glance of beauty, nor less bright,
On playful wing, the *blue jay* flutters by.
Like the camelia, in her bower of green
Sits the plumed *red-bird*,—while from every flower
The gorgeous *humming-bird* draws sweetness out.
I heed not these, for at my window still
I hear the wild enchanter's voice. Untired
He sings, and singing pours a spirit forth
Whence mine a kindly influence borrowing,
Joins in the hymn of gratitude and joy.
And I can fancy 'twixt humanity,
And him there is a tie—a bond of love
Whereby the excited impulse of my mind
He seems to know, and weave it into music.

W. M. A.

ACCORDING TO CHRISTIANITY, IS WAR EVER JUSTIFIABLE?

NUMBER ONE.

Within the last quarter of a century, the question, whether war is ever justifiable, has excited much attention in the United States and in England. Many volumes have been written, most, if not all of them on the negative side of the question,—many societies have been formed, the object of which is to draw public attention to the manifold evils and calamities of war, and otherwise to enlighten the public mind respecting it,—journals are, at this time, devoted to discussions respecting it,—numerous addresses on the subject have been printed and circulated,—and large prizes have been offered, intended to elicit the talents of the best writers of the country in portraying its evils and enormities. It is not supposed, that many persons have embraced the opinion, that war is in no case and under no circumstances justifiable, but the respectability of some who are known to have embraced it, and the magnitude of the interests which the question involves, render it proper that it should be brought under discussion. With the present signs of the times, the careful and mature consideration of this question is demanded of every wise and good man.

A good cause is often injured by its friends taking injudicious and untenable ground in its defence. An example will best illustrate my meaning. The late Thomas S. Grimke, Esq. has not hesitated to condemn the authors and patriots of the American revolution,—and this too in no measured terms. He says, “I shrink not from the accountability of condemning, universally, unconditionally, the warlike means employed to accomplish the (American) revolution. Its objects were worthy of Christian wisdom, liberty, and benevolence. But war and the warrior, violence and bloodshed in every form, were instruments unworthy of a christian people, and forbidden by the religion they professed. To the heathen patriot, the sword and the shield are natural, rightful weapons; but to the christian patriot, they are prohibited as irreconcilable with faith in God, and love to man. I would have had the patriots of the revolution resolve, that, come what might, not a sword should be drawn, not a drop of blood should be shed in vindication of American rights.” Again, he says, “their maxims, (that is the maxims of Christians,) from the moment the Redeemer ascended, should have been these,—let the heathen take arms against each other and even against us, but come what may, christians will never bear arms against each other, or against them. Christianity never shall be defended or spread abroad by force of arms. Christians never shall employ the sword to protect property, character, liberty or life. Let the heathen rule us with a rod of iron. Let them insult, persecute, oppress, torment, slay us. Let them confiscate property, slander character, cast us into prison, strip us of life itself. Let them separate husband and wife, parent and child; let them seduce the brother to betray the brother, and the friend the friend. Let them poison the comfort and

happiness of private and social life; and heap on us all the enormities and cruelties, that malice can suggest and tyranny execute, still, we will bear it all; nor shall the sword ever be employed to deliver, much less to avenge us. Be it our duty to exhibit the consistency and beauty, the unconquerable strength, the inflexible constancy of christian love, humility and forgiveness. Cost what it may, we will return good for evil, and blessing for cursing. We will love them that hate us, and pray for such as persecute and oppress us. Thus, and thus only, will we conquer our enemies, and convert the heathen to christianity. Then, continues he, would they indeed have conquered, for the law of love and humility and forgiveness is invincible in the hands of faith and hope." He says, too, that by the same means, the patriots of the American revolution might have conquered in their contest with Great Britain. All this seems very manifest to him, if to no one else. I have not understood, however, that in taking this ground, he has gained any disciples. [See his Address on the Principles of Peace, before the Connecticut Peace Society, 6th May, 1832.]

Again, a good cause is frequently injured, by claiming too much in its behalf,—by attempting to draw too many principles into its service. I fully and cordially concur with the advocates of peace specially so called, in *almost* every position which they have taken. The calamities and miseries of war cannot well be exaggerated, and have not been exaggerated by them. The sufferings and agonies of the battle field, have not been overstated by them, and do not admit of overstatement. The disastrous influence of war on morals in general, on domestic life, on education, on religion, on national prosperity, on the progress of civilization, and on all the highest interests of mankind, have not been magnified by them. I concur with them in the estimates which they form of the glory, both national and individual, gained in war. I concur with them in their view of the causes of the greatest part of the wars which have been waged both in ancient and modern times, that they have been insignificant, deceptive and wicked. Of all this and much more, I repeat, I am fully and perfectly convinced. But it is another thing to be convinced, that Christianity has taken the ground of entirely prohibiting war, in all cases and under all circumstances.

1. War was not only permitted, but encouraged, and even commanded in the Old Testament. The most distinguished saints of the Old Testament, such as Abraham, Joshua, David, &c., not only "wrought righteousness and obtained promises," but as St. Paul says, "through faith subdued kingdoms, waxed valiant in fight and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." (Hebrews, xi. 32—4.) Michaelis says truly, "war against the Canaanites was one of the first fundamental laws of the Mosaic policy." (Commentaries on the Laws of Moses,—Smith's translation, vol. 1, p. 51.) Again, he says, "to the Canaanites, no terms were to be offered; their cities were not even to be summoned to surrender; no capitulation was to be granted, but they were to be destroyed by the sword."—(Idem, vol. 1, p. 316.) The laws respecting the Canaanites may be seen Exodus xxiii. 31—33. xxxiv, 12, 13.—Numbers xxxiii. 51—56.—Deut. vii. 1—5, and xx. 16—18. The maxim of all the ancient states, *quot cives, tot milites*, was fully recognised and

established in the Mosaic law. (Numb. i. 3-46, xxvi, 2.) The laws of war were at that time severe beyond measure every where, and those found in the Old Testament partake of this severe and cruel character. (Deut. xx. passim.) A part of the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple is this,—“If thy people go out to battle against their enemy, whithersoever thou shall send them, and shall pray unto the Lord toward the city which thou hast chosen, and toward the house that I have built for thy name,—then hear thou in heaven their prayer and their supplication, and maintain their cause.”—(1 Kings, viii. 44-5.) Solomon, aside from his being the wisest of men, was divinely inspired, and yet he introduced a prayer for victory into the solemn dedication service of the temple. It is not easy to account for this, if war is universally unjustifiable and immoral.

2. No one can say, that war is *expressly* forbidden in the New Testament. It is alleged, however, that a prohibition of war in all cases and under all circumstances, is implied in the New Testament, and the nature of this implication has been said to be such, as to amount in substance to a positive prohibition. It is said, too, that this implied prohibition is sustained by cotemporaneous construction, as is manifest from the refusal of the primitive christians to serve as soldiers, or otherwise to countenance war.

Arguments drawn from implication are always unsafe, equally so with those drawn from analogy, and should be admitted with the utmost caution. They seldom afford a sufficiently secure ground, upon which to rest anything of importance. We have witnessed the bearing of the Old Testament on this question, which is equally a part of divine revelation with the New Testament. And there being no explicit prohibition of war in the latter, the presumption seems to be, that the entire subject continues as it was under the ancient dispensation, except so far as it is modified and changed under the new and more perfect dispensation of Christianity. If under the old dispensation, righteousness might be wrought and promises obtained, by subduing kingdoms, by waxing valiant in fight, and by putting to flight the armies of the aliens, as St. Paul says; there ought to be something very positive and unequivocal in the new dispensation, to compel us to conclude, that all war is *now* individually and nationally criminal.

Again, the example of the primitive Christians, to which an appeal is made to sustain the alleged prohibition, does not appear to me to have much weight. When various classes of persons asked of John the Baptist, instructions in regard to their duty, his instructions to the soldiers were,—do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages.—(Luke, iii. 14.) The case, too, of Cornelius the Roman centurion, is fitted to instruct us on this subject. He was a devout man, one that feared God with all his house, who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always.—(Acts, x. 2.) When he was converted to Christianity by St. Peter, he was not instructed by him to abandon his military profession. This centurion was one of the *most primitive* of the primitive Christians. The intercourse of our Saviour, also, with the soldiers, was not unfrequent. He commended the faith of the centurion, in the strongest terms, without condemning

his profession.—(Matt. viii. 10.) If military service was to be considered unchristian, the fact is not easily explained, that he never taught men so, nor that St. Peter did not avail himself of the occasion of Cornelius' conversion, to instruct the Christian converts in this branch of their duty.

Mr. Clarkson has succeeded in proving, that there were very few Christians in the Roman armies, during the two first centuries after Christ.—(Upham's *Manual of Peace*, p. 127.) But besides a repugnance to a military life arising from a conviction that war was unlawful, there were several circumstances calculated to make Christians avoid military service in the Roman armies. The military oath required to be taken by the Roman soldiers was full of idolatry, and the Roman standards were considered as divinities, and divine honours were paid to them. These idolatrous customs and tests, were enough to exclude Christians from the Roman armies; and Mr. Clarkson is himself so candid as to admit, that their conviction of the unlawfulness of war, was only one cause, though a leading cause, which prevented them from becoming soldiers.—(Idem, p. 133.) The powerful circumstances, too, of dissimilar habits, manners, customs, feelings and inclinations, must have contributed to keep them from the Roman armies, with the heathen soldiers of which, they could have had no companionship, and could have felt no sympathy. They would have been, moreover, by reason of their new religion, a standing theme of scorn, derision and insult.

Finally, I know no reason why their opinion of the unlawfulness of war is more binding on us at the present day, than the practice of the first disciples, who sold their possessions and cast them into a common fund for the benefit of all indiscriminately, who had embraced the new religion.—(Acts, iv. 32.)

3. The passages of the New Testament, on which the special advocates of peace rely, to prove that war, under any circumstances, is virtually, if not expressly forbidden, are inapplicable to the subject. The passages in St. Matthew's gospel on which most reliance is placed, (chap. v. 37–38,) and numerous other passages like them in the New Testament, were intended to regulate the personal and social intercourse of Christians with each other and with the world, and at most, have but an indirect and very remote bearing on international relations and intercourse. This must be manifest to all who will give a close and careful attention to them.

4. The New Testament does not take jurisdiction of the subject of war between one nation and another. The New Testament was designed to instruct us on the all important subject of religion and morals, and was not designed to take jurisdiction of political measures and institutions. This position is founded on the distinction between morals and politics,—a distinction which no writer has made so manifest as Michaelis, and I, therefore, avail myself of his illustration. "It is the business of both morals and politics to promote human happiness, and both alike admit this universal principle, from which all their particular precepts flow,—endeavour to extend human happiness as far as possible. In the means, however, which they employ for this purpose, they materially differ. Some means of universal happiness remain, in all cir-

cumstances and countries, the same; and their contraries are always certain obstacles to it. Thus in any nation, however and wherever situated, theft and adultery, if prevalent and regarded as matters of indifference, will never fail to diminish the public happiness. The former will diminish the love of industry and gain, which always increases where property is secure; the latter makes children doubtful, hinders their education, propagates diseases, and so forth. In regard to such matters as these, the rule obviously belongs to morals. But there is not the same certainty as to the effects of other means; of which, perhaps, there may, for one single point of happiness, be proposed a great variety; and then it comes to be a question, to the solution of which, a greater reach of understanding is requisite, which of them all is the best. Even this will be different in different circumstances. Perhaps a rule may be found which exactly suits nine cases; but the tenth forms an exception. When our measures for promoting public happiness are of this nature, they belong to politics; and if even God himself prescribe a system of politics, its rules will be different according to circumstances; nay, will change with time, and even while they are yet generally suitable, have their exceptions. Legislative policy is manifestly a branch of politics, and indeed, one of the most important and difficult; and we cannot wonder if civil laws given by God, should in the course of time become insuitable, and even while in full force, require in particular cases to be dispensed with, or relaxed." The observations of Michaelis are made in illustration of the Mosaic laws.—(See his instructive Commentaries on the Laws of Moses,—Smith's translation, vol. I, p. 40.)

5. Christianity has vastly diminished the severities, calamities and crimes of war, and we may well believe, will eventually banish wars from the earth. To be satisfied of this, it is only necessary to compare the laws of war as seen in the classic writers of Greece and Rome, and even in the Pentateuch, and in the Old Testament generally, (See Deut. xx. passim,—2. Sam. xii. 31,) with those which are now recognised by our standard writers on the Law of Nations. The cruelties and barbarities familiar to ancient warfare, are universally condemned by the sense of modern times, and are nearly, if not quite unknown. Not only so, wars are becoming comparatively unfrequent; nations are becoming more satisfied to adjust their difficulties by peaceful measures; and facts and circumstances once deemed good causes of war, are no longer considered adequate to authorize so great a calamity as war. The prophets predict a time of universal peace, and the affairs of the world are manifestly tending to this most desirable result, which, as it approaches, cannot fail to be hailed with joy by all good men.

Such are the reasons which prevent me from concurring in the opinion, that war is prohibited by Christianity. It is important that Christianity should not, if possible, be drawn into the service of political parties and political partisans. She must always receive harm from such a connexion. I have designedly confined myself to a single branch of the general question,—whether war is *ever* justifiable. My limits do not permit me to bring the general question to the standard of other tests.

MIDDLETON VALE.

"Middleton Dale," says Mr. Whately, "is a cleft between rocks, ascending gradually from a romantic village, till it emerges at about two miles distance, on the vast moorlands of the Peak. It is a dismal entrance to a desert; the hills above it are bare, the rocks are of a grey colour, their surfaces are rugged, and their shapes savage. Appearances make it probable that Middleton Dale is a chasm rent in the mountains by some convulsion of nature beyond the memory of man. The scene, though it does not prove the fact, yet justifies the supposition, and it gives credit to the idea of the country people, who, to aggravate its horrors, always point to a precipice, down which they say a young woman of the village threw herself headlong in despair, at the neglect of a man she loved."—ALISON.

Deserted and cheerless is Middleton Vale,
The sunbeams but faintly illumine
The desert beyond it, whence oft in the gale—
So village hinds whisper—is heard the low wail
Of spirits that lurk in its gloom.

The traveller, unwillingly passes there by,
No pathway his footstep hath worn,
No voice is there heard save the raven's hoarse cry,
And lone is the briar-bush waving on high
Its leaves by the night-breezes torn.

No tree-shaded cot in that valley is seen
But climb to yon rock's dizzy height,—
At distance in peaceful and plentiful green,
Two gentle ascents of rich woodland between,
The hamlet reposes in light.

But never that view doth the peasant allure,
To venture the precipice rude:—
He shrinks from its verge as from something impure;
Strange voices he hears, and by phantoms obscure
Imagines his steps are pursued.

The flower of the village was Mary;—around
A sun-light of beauty she shed:
She sped o'er the green with a light springing bound,
Her laugh was a musical gushing of sound,
Like waters that sing where they tread.

The fairness of innocence sat on her brow,
In her bosom sweet charities grew;
Her lips did with accents of cheerfulness flow;
The freshness of health to her cheek gave its glow,
And modesty deepened the hue.

But smiles that had brightened to joy in her eye
And warmed into love on her cheek,
Now vanished like twilight's soft tints from the sky;
Like dew on a breeze-shaken aspen that lie,—
A dove from the ocean bird's shriek.

Love stole to her bosom its peace to betray,
That bosom with tenderness rife,—
Its object was worthless;—she spurned him!—They say
A smile never passed o'er her lips from that day:—
She seemed to be weary of life.

And o'er the soul's light there insensibly came
A dimness;—its harmonies fine
Were tuned unto discord: She spoke not his name
But shattered for aye was the delicate frame,
Obscured was the spirit divine.

One night up that desolate cliff in the vale
At twilight she wandered alone;
Her hair all unbraided waved out to the gale,
Her hand clasped a briar-wreath scentless and pale,
Her eyes with a strange lustre shone.

In happier days round her innocent brow,
Those flowers did the false one entwine:
Then freshness and bloom were upon them, but now
All withered and worthless, fit types of the vow,
He pledged at her beauty's pure shrine.

With passion-flushed cheek and irresolute mein
The landscape at distance she viewed;—
Lo, there was the home of her infancy seen,
Its meadows of light and its hill tops of green,
And she wept with a spirit subdued.

She wept—and the tumult that swelled in her breast,
Obeying sweet nature's control,
Was hushed like the storm-wakened waves to their rest!
As stars, at dim twilight, gleam out in the West,
Calm thoughts to her bosom now stole.

The days of her childhood came back, as the glow
Of sunset there lingering delayed:
She thought of her mother, and faintly and slow
The clouds from her darkened mind struggled to go,
Sweet memories over it strayed.

She thought of the time when as fleeting as bright,
Young hope on love's infancy smiled,
When over each object that gladdened her sight
The answering joy of her soul shed its light;—
As trusting, as true as a child!

Blest visions returning, could they but restore
The peace of that wounded breast!
Poor Mary should wander the wild cliff no more,
And time, as it softened the sorrows she bore,
Point on to a haven of rest!

Her passion was chastened;—she could not pursue
The purpose that darkened her mind:
She turned—on her cheek, ah! what paleness then grew!
That flower at her feet!—The false token she knew,—
The wreath that her lover had twined.

Short triumph of reason!—a moment—'twas gone:
Her lips to the garland she pressed;
Then burst the shrill laughter, the maniac tone;—
Her eye with the wildness of lunacy shone;—
She sprang—fancy shrinks from the rest.

Next morn, from a stranger was heard the sad tale:—
He chanced near the mountain to rove:
He saw the white garments that waved in the gale;—
And, caught by some rocky projection, all pale
The briar-wreath drooping above.

The peasant now points to that spot with a sigh,
And blessings of Heaven doth crave;
In sympathy glistens the village maid's eye,
As silent and trembling, she's hurrying by
The maniac's desolate grave.

W.

LETTERS FROM MEXICO.

NUMBER ONE.

MY DEAR M.—You have so frequently and so urgently desired that I would give you by letter an account of my journey to Mexico, a year or two ago, that I cannot refuse to comply, though I fear you will find but little in my recital to interest you or repay the trouble of perusal. It is true that I promised to communicate to you whatever observations I might make in the course of travel, but whenever I set about fulfilling my oft repeated and as often broken promises, I found so little to relate, so total a want of incident in my journey, that I invariably desisted from the task. I had even on one occasion drafted the outline of a series of letters, intending to fill it up at leisure with notes taken on the spot, but for the reasons just stated, I became disgusted with my labours and threw them aside, and now on instituting a search after my notes, I find that most of them, doubtless anticipating the fate which awaits those I am now engaged with, had become “fugitive pieces” and were scattered to the winds. But with the aid of such as are left, and some facts which my memory will enable me to supply, I will try to give you some account of my brief and uneventful tour.

Let me premise, however, that as my stay in the republic was very short, and my wanderings circumscribed within the limits of the State of Vera Cruz, I have nothing whatever to say on those subjects which appear to have been of paramount interest to all who have treated of this extraordinary country. I know nothing of the mines nor of the operations carried on within them; I did not get “thus far into the bowels of the land.” I cannot point out to you those vast monuments, which tho’ rapidly hastening to decay under the relentless hand of time and the barbarism of a civilized (?) people, are still wonderful, and which mark the domination of the once powerful Aztecs; nor can I show you the yet more recent traces of the haughty overthrowers of that ancient dynasty, for my evil stars did not allow me to set foot within the walls of the City of Montezuma. My adventures are only the every day occurrences of the route, and to those my narrative must be confined, with occasionally a view of some of the sublime and stupendous natural scenery which is so frequent among the Cordilleras, or a sketch of the simple though sometimes singular manners of the inhabitants. This is all that I can promise you. If you look for tables of statistics or geological disquisitions, for treatises on mineralogy, for tracts on politics or essays on political economy, you will be disappointed: for these matters I must refer you to Humboldt, Ward, Bullock and I know not how many others.

But, not to detain you longer with preparations, it was, as you know in the commencement of the year 1834 that I resolved on a voyage to Mexico, in order to visit an establishment then recently formed there, with which I had some idea of connecting myself. My first step, after procuring passports, &c. was to proceed to New York in order to seek a conveyance to Vera Cruz, whence the remainder of

my journey was to be performed by land. I arrived in time for the monthly Mexican mail packet, engaged my passage, and embarked on the 6th of June. Our ship was a "fine, new, coppered and armed" vessel, (so said the newspapers and with truth too,) though as far as arms were concerned, there might be some qualification necessary. We certainly had two guns on deck, and an arm chest somewhere among the cargo, but this last fact rests upon the assertion of the mate. We were towed out of harbor in the afternoon, and left to make our way with a light breeze which failed us at night-fall, and obliged us to cast anchor at Sandy Hook. In the mean time we had dined in the cabin, and I had made acquaintance with my fellow passengers, who were thenceforward to be all the world to each other for so long as it might please Providence and the elements. Our captain was a keen active little man with a dark piercing eye and immense whiskers, good humoured, obliging and attentive, a thorough seaman and a gentleman. Of my fellow passengers, some two or three were merchant's clerks, going out to Vera Cruz to stake health and life against gold in that city of the plague; two others were manufacturers from "Down East," whom their natural spirit of enterprise and the hope of fortune had prompted to establish themselves in the capital. There was also a physician, whose hopes of extensive practice were founded on the prevalence of diseases, and the dearth of practitioners, (I have since learned that he had not hoped in vain,) and finally, a Mexican gentleman, who, after a protracted residence in Europe in a diplomatic capacity, was returning to his country and his friends.

I shall not weary you with a detail of the ordinary incidents of a sea voyage; we met with nothing more than is common in such cases. We set sail and were soon rocked on the broad Atlantic; we were seasick of course, and did as all sea-sick people do; we were often becalmed by day, and sometimes tempest-tost by night. We were glad when, after several days, we reached the gulf stream, because it proved that we had made some progress; and then we were glad to get out of it, for it handled us too roughly to be agreeable. With this we waged, as usual, a desperate war with time, whom we endeavoured to kill by the most approved methods. We read so long as we had books or news papers, but our books were soon read through and our newspapers grew old; though some of our party had imagined a plan for keeping them fresh: this was to collect the papers for some time previous to our departure, during all which time they carefully abstained from reading any of the daily prints; when we were at sea, they began with the oldest dates and read regularly one every day; thus you will perceive they always had news, or, which was the same thing, something they had never read before. But at length even these preserved provisions were consumed, and famine came upon us. The capabilities of all to supply amusement were put to the test, but each did his best, and all was hilarity and good humour. We chatted and played until summoned to the dinner table, which afforded to those whom Neptune favoured, (I was not of the number unfortunately,) the means of getting rid of an hour or two; we then had coffee and cigars on deck, and whiled away the afternoon until the glories of an ocean sunset would

attract the gaze and compel the admiration of even the most indifferent. Often then would midnight find us seated in the bright moonlight listening to the jest, the tale or the song. Among our passengers was a young German, who would pour forth the spirit stirring songs of his fatherland with thrilling energy. On one of these lovely nights, during a pause in our amusements, we heard from the fore-castle the touching melody of "Home, sweet Home," faintly floating on the evening breeze; in an instant every sound was hushed, and we listened in breathless silence; it had awakened a responsive chord in every bosom.

At length by slow degrees we reached the Bahamas, and passing close to a small cluster called the Berry Isles, inhabited solely by a British pilot and his family, (we were so near that we could see him in his garden,) we laid our course across the Grand Bank. This I believe is the usual route for vessels entering the gulf from the United States, and though perfectly safe in good weather for vessels of light draft, is not always so for ships of greater burthen. Much depends on the winds too, for there are certain winds which by heaping the waters on the bank increase the depth, whilst their opposites have precisely the contrary effect. Our captain was a little anxious, for in a former voyage the ship had touched and occasioned both trouble and delay; and he now kept the lead constantly going. The depth gradually decreased to 2 1-4 fathoms, after which it again gradually increased until we were fairly in deep water. The sea throughout was perfectly transparent, and owing to its shallowness, of a clear green colour. The bottom was every where distinctly visible, and by a common optical illusion appeared to be but a few inches below the surface.

As we flew rapidly along, I amused myself with gazing over the side on the glittering sands and the huge masses of sponges and other submarine productions which lay beneath our path. Unless it be witnessed, it is impossible to conceive the magical effect of the waters of the sea upon the appearance of every thing immersed in them. We seemed to be sailing over a sheet of polished silver; sponges, sea weeds, every thing even to a bit of tarred rope towing overboard, put on the lustre and brilliancy of pure metal. This effect was increased when night came on and the moon arose without a cloud. The waters flashed back with increased brilliancy every ray of moon or star, whilst they glowed also with their own peculiar lights; we plunged onward through a sea of fire, and the spray fell from the bows like showers of stars. This may appear to you extravagant language, and perhaps it is so, for no words can convey any idea of these splendid phenomena.

By midnight we had effected our passage, and after a struggle of several days with adverse winds and currents, the close of the month of June found us beating about in the gulf of Mexico. As usual we were almost always becalmed the whole day, and when you recollect that we were now under the torrid zone, and that the season was well advanced, you may imagine how very comfortable we were. The sun shone with intense radiance, and his scorching beams, reflected from a sea smooth as glass, seemed always to come to a focus on our luckless ship; not a breath of wind disturbed the stillness of the atmosphere, not a cloud was there to sully its purity, no motion, save the dull, monot-

onous, unceasing rise and fall of the sea, which some one has aptly termed the "heaving of its mighty bosom." Towards evening, however, a light breeze would spring up, gradually increasing in strength, and it was only then that we could overcome the languor and listlessness in which the intense heat of the day had plunged us. Glad were we then to take leave of the sun as he sank beneath the waves in floods of splendour, and surrounded by hosts of dazzling and fantastic clouds, which, though not one had been visible during the day, seemed now to gather from every quarter of the Heavens to grace the exit of the sinking luminary. I wish you could have witnessed these glorious tropical sunsets, which are ever new, ever attractive; which you feel compelled to gaze at until the senses are almost overwhelmed with excess of splendour.

On the 2d of July, we heard the cry of "Land," and there on the horizon lay a small white cloud, which none but the practised eye of a seaman would have made out to be any thing but a cloud. On the morning of the 3rd, I was on deck by day-light, and beheld the vast masses of the Cordilleras stretching away to the West and South, and at the extremity, the small white cloud of yesterday appeared now as the lofty and snow-capped peak of Orizaba. There, then, was Mexico, that country respecting which I had always felt an intense interest, which I had long yearned to visit. There, within those huge mountain barriers, lay the busy stage, over which dynasty after dynasty of powerful monarchs, race after race of nations, had passed away; people whose origin is shrouded in the mists of dim antiquity, but of whose existence we are assured by traditions, however imperfect they may be, and by the monuments they have left behind them. As these and a hundred other historical recollections passed rapidly through my mind, I longed for the moment when I should find myself on shore and within the bosom of a country which possesses so many claims to attention and presents so much to interest the antiquary, the historian and the philosopher.

As the day advanced we drew nearer to our destination. The scene before us, to landward, was a changing panorama,—new mountains rising to our view, and their shapes and appearance varying as we passed them by; all however were thickly clothed with vegetation and bathed in floods of purple light. High over them all stood the mighty Orizaba, lifting his conelike summit to the heavens, whilst a mass of light and fleecy clouds floated below the snow-clad peak, glittering and flashing in the clear sunlight like a mass of jewels. Soon the low sandy beach became visible, then the roadstead of Vera Cruz surrounded with a formidable barrier of reefs and breakers. The castle next came in sight, appearing to rise from the sea itself. We dashed along with a fine breeze and soon made the harbour; the anchor plunged from the bows, the ship swung round to her moorings, on our right stood the castle of St. Juan de Ulloa and before us, at the distance of three quarters of a mile, lay the town of Vera Cruz with its multitudinous churches, monasteries and convents, its battered walls and dilapidated dwellings.

But I see the boats of the health officers and the port authorities coming off, and as these gentry are said to be very troublesome and vexatious, I must leave off for the present and attend to them. We are not

allowed to go on shore until to-morrow, that is one thing certain; but as soon as I am domiciled in the town, I will resume my narrative. Till then—Adieu. Δ

THE HUMBLE LOT.

I would I were yon peasant boy
Content in humble sphere to move,
Whose dreams are ever dreams of joy,
Whose thoughts are ever thoughts of love—
Whom no exalted hope impels,
To change the home from childhood dear,
And leave those early hills and dells,
He may not find again but there;—
Whom not the gew-gaws of the gay,
Where fashion leads and folly leers,
Can tempt from virtues paths to stray,
And taint the hopes of future years—
Exchanging old and certain friends,
For those that fool and then depart,
Until from every tie he rends,
That once had holy made, his heart—
Whose every morning sun still finds,
The humble follower of his plough,
Cheerful among the cheerful minds,
That make his fireside happy now!—
He fills his fields with golden grain,
He crowns with plenty labor's board,
And blest with health and free from pain,
Maintains no feud and fears no lord.—
In clouds his brow is never seen,
But happy still in hope and health,
He views his fields and gardens green,
And has no thought of greater wealth.
The brook that through his valley steals
Down, murmuring to its quiet base,
Hears not the sigh of one who feels,
A single wish to change his place.
He climbs the mountain's brow at morn,
Beholds the fields in verdure clad—
He weeps not that he e'er was born,
His heart—his very heart—is glad!

Ah! would it were that we could change
The mind's condition with the form,
Nor sigh to rise, nor pine to range,
Nor clamor for the strife and storm—
Nor, vex'd with hopes denied, deplore
The higher promptings of the soul,
Bewilder'd still by vexing lore,
That will not brook nor bear control—
Led by that wisp of thought which guides
Through fen and forest, wayward still,
'Till fancy's self grows sad, and chides
And hope is sick, and love is chill!
I would I were, what I am not,
And knew not all that now I know,—
How sad my own, how sweet the lot,
That peasant owns, I envy now!

THE ISRAELITE'S DAUGHTER.

There is a sweet, lonely spot about three miles distant from the village of ———, to which I often strolled in the cool of the evening; and not unfrequently in the early morning of a spring day have I sought the place to inhale the fresh air, fragrant with the breath of the beautiful flowers, which gushed up amid the luxuriant green, and which I often crushed with my feet as I walked along; yet this I did not intentionally, for I hold it a sin to mar nature even in a lowly flower. The violets, as I have turned and beheld them bruised and broken, seemed to chide me and caused a pang at my heart. "The violet sure is the sweetest flower!"—it was ever a favourite with me, and I know not that I should have felt so pained at the destruction of any other flower. I loved it because it was the flower of my childhood. All my most pleasant associations were blended with it. It was the first flower of the spring in my native land. I used to wander through the fields in the bright May morning to hunt for it and along the margin of the brooks where it grew with a bounding and happy heart. Sometimes I could find none, and then the sweet joyousness of my young hope fled and left me disappointed and sad, but pardon me, courteous reader, for thus forgetting, or rather remembering myself in the past; I shall, necessarily draw largely on your kindness if you read the following passages in my life.

Near the spot of which I was speaking flows the *Jocassee river; its eternal music, mournful and deep, soothes the ear as it dashes over the rocks; farther down the river and at the point from which it is here visible, it glides gently and gives out its silver current to the eye so calm and pure that one can hardly believe that its chrystal waves have been agitated by the rocks above, and that only a few moments before they were pushing angrily, and hurried onward by some unseen power. The river makes a sudden bend on your left where the dense and tangled forest hides it from sight. This haunt of mine had other attractions beside the view of the Jocassee and its wild music and the lowly flowers which nature gave forth; its trees were dear to one who has a natural love for every green leaf. Yes! there had grown up in my heart a secret affection for them, secret, because I could not impart to another the feelings they excited in me, and others could not understand me were I to attempt to explain how I drew instruction and was taught gratitude from them. I think it is Bulwer who says, that we have thoughts and feelings which we never can reveal in this world, and that our mind is a sealed book which none can read. He spoke truly, if I may judge others by myself. About twenty feet from the river's bank a fine old oak spread its venerable shade. It was the only object within view which bore the impress of great age. Around its huge trunk a grape vine had wound itself, and seemed to ask protection from the giant tree. It had reached one of the lower limbs and clung fondly around it. Its ample leaves afforded a striking contrast to the bright small leaves of the oak. Moss of a silver gray hue hung gracefully

* A small river in Pendleton District.

from the branches and added to the beauty of the rich deep green foliage. How often have I reclined upon the grass under its shade watching the sunlight quivering on its leaves of changeable beauty, and every now and then catching a glimpse of the fleecy clouds as they travelled through the heavens. There stood a group of young catalpas which bloom in the bright summer time, in some climates, but here, in the spring, their clustering blossoms may surely be classed with poetic flowers—how fair and delicate they seem!

One solitary magnolia grew near these native trees; it stood alone, tall, straight and majestic, courting the purest and brightest rays of the sun; its leaves of emerald and amethyst hues, waving gently in the breeze, beggar description.—Those who know the magnolia, need not be told of its look when the golden sun is showering down his glory upon it; and to those who know it not, I shall despair of giving any just idea of its surpassing beauty. On the right was a grove of pines, and although under-brush was not suffered to grow, yet their own decayed leaves strewed the ground, and thus formed a pale orange carpet, which was, in the distance, softened by the mellow light which fell upon it. Here and there might be seen a green spot, where the tender grass had made an effort to approach the light, and had shaken the withered leaves from its young life.

I was about to visit Europe, and on the evening previous to my leaving for the city whence I was to embark, I went to take a farewell look of my favourite retreat. The air was unusually bland, the sky cloudless and bright, the leaves of the trees were scarcely seen to move, and the whole scene presented a beautiful picture of nature at rest; but it suited not my present mood, and I felt half vexed with myself and all things around me. This is too tame,—too calm for my spirit just now, thought I, and turning into the grove, wandered along the bank till I came to the rapids; there watching the river as it broke over the rocks, dashing its white foam, I found that which I sought—tranquility of mind.

During my travels, which occupied five years, I had an opportunity of seeing much of the finest scenery in the old world; and, as I had ever a greater love for the sublime in nature than in art, I noted with infinitely more care the glory and splendour with which God has adorned that portion of our earth, than the lofty palaces and temples which man had erected, for although the latter were magnificent beyond description, there was nothing in their grandeur to be compared to the eternal mountains! Often, O! how often, during my absence, would I call to mind my own land, and frequently in the sweet memories that would arise, came the green spot I so loved, flitting in shadowy beauty before my eyes. My heart yearned again for its sweet quiet, and its mournful music, and its lessons of wisdom. I met no friend whom I loved as I did the young companion of my boyhood, and I turned away sick at heart from the hollow professions of the many. Never had I known but one faithful friend on earth, and he, long since, had become a tenant of the silent tomb. I have no words to speak his worth, and there was a time when I dared not think of him, when I dared not encounter the grief of soul, the agony so terrible that I felt at my unspeakable loss; but that time is

past and I now almost reflect upon myself, for the desolation of heart which I experienced.—He was so young to die! only sixteen summers had passed over his head! he was wise, and learned, and good, pure and noble in thought and deed, with a spirit so gentle that it seemed borrowed from heaven, and was indeed a meet offering to God. I have long ceased to mourn his early death. To me death is now stripped of all its terrors, and I feel that the sorrowing and bereaved must hail it as an *angel of mercy*.

And now that I had returned weary of the world, of which I had seen too much, I said in my heart "all is vanity." It was not till several days after my return, that I could persuade myself to visit my old retreat. "A change had come over the spirit of my dream." Since last I saw it, I had frequented the gayest courts in Europe—beheld pomp and splendour, to which I was before a stranger—had seen the palaces of kings and the hovels of the poor—read in the proud, haughty hearts of the former, selfishness and vanity, and in the latter misery and want, and turning my eye homeward to young America, felt a thrill of unspeakable joy at the contrast. Here, I reflected, in our father land, in this ancient world, right and liberty are trampled in the dust. The titled lord often looks down upon intellect, if it be the tenant of an untitled man, and thinks to use it for his own aggrandisement;—he binds mind, or strives to do so; if he cannot wield the mighty power, he crushes it. In the cities what squallid wretchedness, what slavery of the mind and body exists! homeless age, decrepit, wanders in the streets, or finds a gloomy shelter beneath some tattered awning, cold and comfortless. Aye, 'tis a bitter truth that thousands of poor wretches may be found in Paris, in London, and some other cities of Europe, who have not a shed to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and little or no means of subsistence. I was struck also with their immense prisons, crowded with criminals, into whose dark dungeons the blessed light of heaven cannot penetrate; their existence dragged out in chains and fetters, their hoary age and desolate youth huddled together in one great mass. Then turning to our own America, I felt our superiority,—our helpless protected and sheltered, age respected, the lowly and industrious poor made happy and comfortable, our institutions for the punishment of crime wise and merciful, and calculated to lead to repentance and reform. Yes! I felt our superiority, and turned with disgust from kingly splendour and starving misery. But pardon this digression. I had just returned, as I told you, I felt a restless desire to visit my retreat, but still had not the courage to do so,—the recollections the sight of it would awaken were of a painful character. I was seated in my library one morning, vainly endeavouring to read the magazine, which I had almost unconsciously taken up, (it was Blackwood's.) At length I threw down the book and hurried out to breathe the fresh air. It was unusually cold. I took my way to my favorite spot: the path which led to it from the open road was now overgrown with wild plants and shrubs, among which the sea myrtle lifted its head, silvered over with white blossoms which the wind was scattering abroad. I could scarcely make my way along the path, so choked was it with the wild luxuriance; this, however, was at length accomplished. The

place looked desolate! the pine grove was covered with a thick mass of under-brush. All things seemed changed. The very trees had lost their beauty to my eye, and the oak, my old favourite oak, stood a leafless trunk! The grape vine was still there, but no leaves were upon it, the few which strewed the ground were withered or dead: the vine had mounted to the very top of the tree, and so coiled itself around it, that the thought crossed me that it had been the cause of the decay and death of my oak. I was touched to the heart, and felt my affections revive with all their former warmth. My early friend, of whom I have spoken, had carved his name upon the trunk; it was still a dear memorial of him, but it could not long remain! a cold shiver stole over me at the thought, but I shook it off, and leaning against the tree, I took a more leisurely survey of surrounding objects. While I was musing on the past, and reflecting how unkindly time, with its blighting touch, had converted my little paradise into a waste, the dash of the water suddenly broke upon my ear, and it was no longer the sweet music to which I had listened in past days, but its voice was discordant, and vexed, rather than soothed me. I thought there was blended with the gush of the water, the rapid tread of horses. This idea had scarcely glanced across my mind, when there rushed through the thicket, on my right, a horse upon which was mounted a lady; her strength seemed nearly exhausted, and I think she would have fallen, had I not instantly seized the bridle of the affrighted animal and assisted her to dismount. She trembled like an aspen leaf, and her face was as pale and colourless as a statue. I led the horse to the nearest tree, and securing him by the bridle as well as I was able, returned to her; but what was my terror when I beheld her lying like a lifeless corpse upon the ground. I raised her in my arms, hurried to the river's bank and laved her temples in the briny tide, and, as I gazed upon her face, I thought I had never seen more perfect features—the forehead of uncommon height, had a sweet dream-like beauty which I cannot describe, but which riveted my gaze, for it resembled in form the fair brow of the friend whom I had lost. I watched the face with intense anxiety; the eye appeared closed in death and a fearful dread came over me. At length there was a slight movement of the lips, the colour returned to them, and the whole face awakened to fresh life and beauty. She thanked me, and the tones of her voice were the sweetest I had ever heard. I looked at her as one entranced. I almost ceased to breathe lest I should lose one word. She seemed embarrassed by my manner and recollecting myself, I replied to her expressions of gratitude.

I now look back upon those moments, with a melancholy kind of pleasure, and sometimes almost wish it were a dream—but no! I would not forego the heaven of joy, to which that brief scene gave birth! The subsequent events of the following three months I need not relate.—They were made up of hopes and fears. Suffice it to say, I sought the love of the fair Esther, and in return, she gave me the true affections of as pure and innocent a heart as ever beat.—Fool that I was to look for happiness unmixed with the bitter dregs of life! There was too much of heaven in my dream of bliss, and I saw not the dark gulf of misery into which I was plunging. Since I had first seen

Esther, I felt that life was worth possessing. My whole nature seemed changed for the better; all the selfishness which I had in common with most men, fled before the influence of that bright and pure being who was the life and light and joy of my soul. Sometimes a strange foreboding of misery would cross my mind, but I heeded it not.

I can give you but a faint idea of Esther. There was a beauty in her dark lustrous eye which no words can describe. It was indeed the door to the temple of light,—the mind. Her cheek was fairer than an angel's dream, and about the small lips there sometimes played a smile as she spoke, that one could hardly decide which created the deepest homage—the smile or the words, soft and low and touching, which descended like flakes of feathered snow melting ere they fell. O! none who ever heard that voice once, could forget its tone of exquisite music. But O, her face! Beyond

"The elements of beauty there was writ—
A something, that the wounded roe would trust
For shelter, from its hunters. Her closed lips
Were delicate, as the tinted pencilling
Of veins upon a flower, and on her cheek—
The timid blood had faintly melted thro'
Like something, that was half afraid of light."

One morning when I called on Esther, I found her alone and in tears. I had never seen her weep before, and it almost unmanned me. She tried to hide them, but in vain, and when I asked their cause, she wept more bitterly. "Does it please you to give me pain," said I, and at these words she looked up in my face with such a radiant smile that I thought her beauty too angelic.

"Pleasure in paining you," she cried, and forgetting her usual reserve, continued, "O Horace, how can you think so!" "I would not pain thee for all the world contains." "You shall know the cause of my sorrow, and you will pity and forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," I answered, and imprinting a kiss upon her fair brow, I entreated her to explain herself. A deep blush suffused her cheek, and burying her face in her hands, she sobbed convulsively. To me this agony of suspense was terrible. An open letter lay on the table beside her; I saw it was blotted with her tears. "That letter," said I.

"Read it, read it," was her reply.

I did so—it was from her father, and I was the subject of it. Near the close it said, "I am sorry to thwart your wishes, my own and only child. It grieves me to the heart to wound your gentle spirit. I hope your affections are not given, past recall, to this christian; and yet, from what your mother has written me, I fear that it is so. O my child, let me warn you not to bow my aged head in sorrow to the grave. My child! dear to my soul!—only surviving of all the loved ones,—will you,—can you disobey me? I cannot, will not consent to your union with this enemy of our race. Never,—no never! Farewell, my child! take my blessing. 'Tis yours if you will banish this strange love from your heart—and you will, surely you will,—but if you do not, I will not live to see you wedded to one of that cruel race. Do you know, my Esther, how they scoff at us? How they would crush us if they might?

But you cannot know, else you would never have listened to this christian, who may indeed be an honorable man, as I hear he is. But he is a christian, and that is enough! The wrongs we have sustained, the bitter railing, the daring invective, the dark suspicions, all rush into my heart; and although I owe it to heaven to forgive them, I owe it to myself never to forget. What! shall my only child wed one who holds in abhorrence our race! The thought is terrible! I tell you, Esther, I will not consent. I am fixed and determined, and nothing can move me."

My feelings can better be imagined than described. I was paralyzed—I could not breathe. I walked the room, unconscious even of the presence of Esther. Darkness—thick darkness was around me. I had never dreamed that my bright hopes were to be blighted. I had lived the past months without thought, as it were—a strange intoxicating delusion had held my senses,—a sweet, wild, delicious vision from which I now awakened to misery too intense to be borne. I had often heard Esther speak of her nation, and never shall I forget the time when she told me, in the sweet sincerity of her heart, that she was a Jewess, and bade me go and forget her.

My mind had not been narrowed by the prejudice so illiberal, which condemns *en masse* that ancient nation. The fact that Esther was a Jewess, was to my mind no barrier against her becoming my bride. I was alone in the world. I had neither parents nor family to consult. But had it been otherwise, they could not have prevented me, how strong soever their objections, from marrying the idol of my affections, and should I suffer those who were denominated my friends, to control my freedom?

"Should I ask the brave soldier who knelt by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds did agree?
Should I give up the friend I had valued and tried,
If he knelt not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that would try
Faith, valour or love, by a standard like this!"

I knew Esther's love for her father was deep and pure; and I could have no hope that she would disobey him;—nay, how could I dare to wish her to do so. I was not so selfish as to desire her to make a sacrifice of her happiness to mine—for I knew her disposition so well that I felt sure she could not be happy in pursuing a course opposed to her father's express commands. There was but one path for me, consistent with honour and my unselfish love; at least I thought so for the moment,—but I had not resolution to take that path. An idea crossed my mind; it was unworthy, but I was desperate. Esther's father had been wealthy,—he had given his security for a large amount; the friend for whom he had done this died suddenly, and nearly his whole fortune was thus swept away. So nice of honour was the old gentleman, that when his creditors met to compromise with him, he replied in the language of a just, yet proud man, "I thank you, but if God spares my life, I will pay all—aye, to the uttermost farthing." And for this he had now separated himself from his family. These facts I learned casually,

and in possession of all this knowledge of the character of Esther's father, I cringed to the base world's thought, and plucked the red hot iron into my soul!

"My dear Esther," said I, seating myself beside her, "I have a large inheritance. Your father has lost all—he shall share half my fortune, and with you the other half will be enough, and more than sufficient for me."

Never did I behold so great a change as my words produced upon her. She became collected in an instant. She rose from her seat with dignity, a mournful fixed expression was in her eye, which riveted *itself* upon my face, as if almost doubting whether she had heard aright—and for once in my life I quailed and trembled before a woman's gaze. I felt humbled, but remained silent, not daring to raise my eyes, to encounter again that searching look. She spoke, and the tones of her voice were deep and touching as the plaint of a wounded dove.

"Think you thus to buy the consent of my father? Think you him so sordid? You would insult my noble, generous father by offering gold in exchange for his child! I thought my affections were given to an angel of light—may God forgive me for my error. O I have loved,—yes, I confess it, but mark, I love no longer. I will tear your image from my heart—tho' the poor heart bleed at every vein!"

I had thrown myself at her feet, while she was yet speaking, but she heeded not the action; she was gone, and if I was miserable before, what was my agony now? I have no words to express my sufferings; they were too terrible to recall. O memory! why cannot I escape thee! I hurried from the house, resolved to write, and at least obtain her forgiveness. I did write, but my letter was returned unopened. I wrote again in the phrenzy of despair—but my second met a similar fate. Several days passed away—I was almost driven to distraction, scarcely knowing what I did. I leaped upon my horse and took the road to the house—I entered the avenue. The air was cold and chilly, and, as it swept through the heavy oaks with a wild dirge-like music, it seemed to my excited imagination to portend some heavier grief, though Heaven knows mine was weighty enough already! As I neared the house, I was struck with its gloomy appearance. The shutters of the upper story were all closed but one, which was only partly open, as if to admit a few rays. I dismounted; a servant took my horse;—from him I learned that Esther was ill,—that her life was in danger! That her father had been sent for, and was hourly expected. "I must see her mother," I cried. "O she will not refuse me a moments interview." "Go," said I, "to your mistress;—tell her one asks admittance who would die to save her child." In a few moments he returned and conducted me into the very room, where, a week before, I had seen Esther; there stood the table upon which had laid the letter from her father. The whole scene passed, in all its painful reality, before me; again I heard that voice which had condemned my baseness;—but was I never to be forgiven? Could a being so gentle, suffer her anger, against me, to continue forever? I rejected the idea, and hope for a moment gleamed across the darkness and desolation of my heart. Her mother entered. I approached her; she gave me her hand with her wonted kind-

ness. I held it for a moment, and my tears fell upon it. She seemed moved by my manner, and bade me be seated; yet her voice trembled, and I saw she was agitated. "I know not," she observed, "that I do right in permitting this interview, yet I could not refuse you." I thanked her for such unmerited goodness, and told her that the object of my visit was to obtain forgiveness of her daughter,—that I was miserable without it,—that till within a few moments I was not aware of her illness,—that I was almost driven to despair by the intelligence. "Was there no hope? Could she not be saved? Her life was precious, though I was never to behold her again. I felt that the world would not be utterly dark while the sweet light of her eye beamed upon it—that with her forgiveness I could be content,—that without it I should drag on a miserable existence till the grave kindly closed upon me." She interrupted me, assuring me "that she could not think I had offended,—that the letters were returned by her own direction, but with the knowledge of her daughter." At these words I was overjoyed; she does not then hate me, my heart whispered,—she did not acquaint her mother with my ungenerous proposal,—I shall live to obtain her forgiveness. These thoughts somewhat composed me. Noble being! I wonder not at her anger. I could not have loved her as I then did had she acted otherwise.

"She is now sleeping," continued the lady. "There is hope of her recovering; this is the fourth day of her illness; till within the last few hours she was insensible to all objects; now reason has returned, and she is calm and tranquil, and I trust out of danger; but I must hasten to her."

"You will," said I, "intercede for me? Tell her I would die to save her—that her forgiveness is all I ask,—that on my bended knees I pray for it."

When I returned to my home I endeavoured to occupy myself with my books, but I soon found that I could not endure to look upon familiar objects, and rushing out of the house I sought my retreat. I stood upon the spot where I first beheld Esther. Since that moment I had lived an age of bliss and misery. The shades of evening were over me, and I made a faint effort to shake off my gloom. I looked around. The earth was wrapped in night's dark mantle. The beautiful stars were thick in the heavens, and lifting my eyes, I felt a momentary relief. A cry from the ominous bird of night was borne on the breeze, and caused a cold shivering of my limbs. I left the place, and entered the road. I hurried onward, unheeding whither I went. I had wandered far before I was aware of the direction I had taken. The house of my Esther was again before me. Lights were visible, and forms were seen rapidly passing to and fro. I watched with intense interest. I was uncloaked, and the cold air chilled my limbs—but still I watched—nor left the spot at which I at first halted, till the dawn of day. I then slowly retraced my steps. That night, the spirit of my pure and beautiful one ascended to the God who gave it.

Thus perished all my earthly hopes of happiness. 'Tis needless to harrow up your feelings by relating what I afterwards endured. Suffice it to say, that time and religion have softened my sorrow, and that enduring love, which can never die, teaches me to look forward to a union with Esther in Heaven.

——, So. Ca., 10th January, 1837.

MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Though the cynical tone of these celebrated maxims, and the very unflattering picture which they present of the moral nature of man, would seem but little calculated to render them popular,—their sparkling epigrammatic turn, and pregnant brevity; their sententious wisdom; and, above all, the lightning-like glances which they often afford into the inmost recesses of the human heart, have combined to secure for them continued admiration; and will occasion them to be always read.

The author, it is unnecessary to state, was no enthusiast in the cause of virtue; no believer in the perfectibility of human nature;—but, on the contrary, labored to prove, in “choice French,” and “good set sentences,” that all actions of man—whether openly vicious, or ostensibly good, alike spring from the innate selfishness of his heart; and in fine, are always prompted by an exclusive view to his immediate gratification, or remote advantage. As we are among those who yield no faith to this misanthropic and humiliating doctrine, we propose to give it a full and fair examination, but shall at the same time, study brevity, and endeavour to present our views in as compendious a form as is consistent with the importance of the subject, and the magnitude of the questions involved in such a discussion.

The deliberate and philosophic *sang froid* with which the author announced his opinions to the world, and put forth this wholesale condemnation of his species;—the polished, classic language in which it was clothed; and (what had undoubtedly its influence) the rank of the writer,—all combined to procure a reception for the work, which its libellous character, and the misanthropic spirit that pervades it, had, otherwise, but little entitled credit to. If it be alleged that the author intended his work merely as a collection of satiric strictures, or pointed sarcasms, launched at the vices, the hypocrisy, and the follies of mankind, and not as a philosophic *expose* of his real views of human nature, or as the result of an impartial survey of the moral phenomena which it presents;—we answer, that the grave title of *Maxims*, which he has deliberately affixed to it; and his undeviating adherence, and constant reversion to the cardinal principle from what he sets out, are circumstances, as we conceive, wholly at variance with this idea; and which prove it, indeed, to be altogether untenable. The strong contrast which exists between the character and the author, as drawn by his friends, and the unamiable tenor of his writings, merely furnishes an additional instance of the inconsistency of the human mind; or might, at most, serve to raise a doubt as to the sincerity of his belief in the opinions, which, considering the evidence he carried in his own bosom and generous nature, of their fallacy and falsehood, he so perversely held, and paradoxically maintained. If this be not the case; if, as has been contended, the writer had no further object in view than to display his knowledge of the various subtle disguises which hypocrisy is so skilled to assume; of the self-pleasing deceptions by which vanity so often imposes on itself, and his unerring tact in distinguishing the mask from the true features of virtue;—we answer again, that in doing this, he has, unfortunately, done yet more;—that, carried away in the chase

of folly and vice, he has too frequently shot beyond his mark; and has, finally, placed himself in the position of the combatant in a mock battle, who, betrayed by the excitement of the game, into a forgetfulness of his part, deals real wounds where he would only have struck in sport; for we believe that no one ever yet rose from the perusal of his work, without at least a temporary feeling of misanthropy and of contempt for his species, and an increased distrust of the hollowness of all human motives and actions. That Swift, who may be considered as a kindred spirit, believed, on the contrary, the author to be in earnest, would appear from his having adopted one of the most revolting of the maxims, viz:—*“that we find something to be pleased at in the misfortunes of our best friends,”*—as the test of his celebrated *“Lines on his own Death,”* in which he anticipates, in a half sorrowful, half satiric strain, the comments that would be made on the event by his friends and acquaintance; and libels, as from the grave, with a species of retrospective misanthropy, his former intimates and old companions, and aims a Parthian shaft at his still hated *“yahoos,”* whose disgusting picture he has left behind him as a faithful representation of the physical, moral and intellectual attributes of his fellow men. Unlike the Athenian misanthrope, who bore in his rude attire, savage scowl, and repulsive demeanor, the visible tokens and outward annunciation of his hatred and contempt of mankind, the French Timour appeared upon the stage in the garb and with the refined exterior of the courtier, with the dignity and bearing of rank, and with all the graces and accomplishments of the perfect gentleman. He did not, like the Grecian prototype, with virtuous indignation, and a proud aversion, shrink from contact with, and fly the society of the base and hated species whose selfishness and depravities were laid bare to his searching glance and unerring observation—but, on the contrary, continued through life on the best terms, and mingled in harmony with his contemporaries, his misanthropy having apparently settled down into, and assumed the form of a calm and philosophic contempt of mankind, which neither affected the equanimity of his temper nor the natural amiability of his disposition, or in any way influenced his conduct or his intercourse with the world. Without dwelling, however, any further upon this inconsistency between the author’s conduct and writings, between his opinions of human nature and the habits in which he lived with his fellow men, we would, as a preliminary view, observe, that the education of a French nobleman in the time of Louis XIV. was certainly not the best calculated to prepare the mind for the study of the human character, or a just appreciation of the moral phenomena which it exhibits; nor was a corrupt French Court the most eligible school in which it could be studied, or the point of view from which it could be most fairly observed, or successfully delineated. But, waving all this, is the doctrine which represents man as influenced in all his actions by an overruling selfishness, and exclusive regard to his own interests, either strictly correct or generally true? It is here proper to observe, before entering into an examination of the author’s opinions on the point, that, having delivered them in the form of maxims, he has not so much supported them by argument, as left them to be inferred from his sarcasms, and gathered from his sneers and satiric

questionings as to the true motives or secret springs of all human actions, whether good or evil, which often make a much stronger impression upon the convictions of the reader, than could have been produced by the most labored induction and successful reasoning? Yet, while prying into and dissecting, with the imperturbable coolness of an experimenter upon animal life, the quivering fibres and inmost organization of the human heart, we ever find him stopping short and arresting his investigations with the *εὐρηκα* of Archimedes,—the instant he has succeeded in detecting and laying bare the deeply concealed source, the *punctum saliens* of self-love, which, having assumed it as the true spring and origin of both our voluntary and involuntary actions, he triumphantly points out as a proof of his anatomical skill, and the depth of his moral knowledge and wisdom. He has thus the air of referring to facts, while he is only sporting an hypothesis,—and in this way employs the legitimate weapons of philosophy for the dissemination of error, and in the service of sophistry. By the charms of his style, the brilliancy of his wit, and the point of his apothegms, the deceptive process is still more fully accomplished; and he succeeds in throwing a splendid and graceful veil over his misanthropy, that not only serves to pass it off with *eclat*, but occasions fine sentences to be received for just conclusions, and the triumph of genius to be mistaken for that of truth. In reference to the main position of his work, let it at first be observed, that self-love, acting within its legitimate limits, as subservient to self-preservation, and as connected with that proper self-respect on which the whole superstructure of the character must rest, is not to be regarded as a vice, or even as a foible, being a necessary element in our moral constitution, and a constituent quality of the mind, absolutely essential to its healthful action and sound condition. It is only when exerting an influence beyond its proper sphere, and exercising an undue ascendancy over the mind and conduct, it leads us to overlook the claims and feelings, and to disregard the interests or comfort of others—in fine, it is only when, ceasing to be self-love, it degenerates into selfishness, that it incurs the censure of the moralist and the reprobation of society; and, where it runs into crime, the notice of the laws, and the denunciations of religion. When, spreading from individuals, it pervades the conduct and characters of whole communities, it induces that rapid corruption and degeneracy of manners which mark the decadence and fore-run the downfall of nations. It was during such a state of things in ancient Rome, that a Juvenal launched the barbed arrows of his indignant satire against the vices of the time, and the degeneracy of his countrymen, against the spreading corruption that, like “the high fed worm in lazy volumes rolled,” rioted on the prostrate and once noble form of *Roman greatness*. It was during such a state of things, in yet unrevolutionized France, that the author of the “Maxims,” exhibiting in his opinions and conduct an illustration of the baneful effects of a bad education, and of vicious examples, sat coolly down to delineate, with unshrinking fidelity, the hideous picture which he has left us of the vices, selfishness and corruption of the “evil times” on which it was his fortune to fall;—a picture which he has presented to the world as a great representation of the perverse nature of man, and as a correct *anatom-*

ical drawing of the moving springs and moral structure of the human mind. If such, however, was the moral aspect and condition of society at the period when a Juvenal and a Rochefoucault wrote, when the one denounced with an indignant frown, and the other described with a cynical sneer, the vices and depravities of their contemporaries, which produced such opposite effects upon their minds,—there are surely other and fairer eras in the history of our race, that serve to vindicate its character, and uphold its dignity, and which prove that the picture has its bright as well as its dark side, its attractive as well as its repulsive traits, its graces as well as its deformities. We are, however, well aware that to recur to the illustrious periods of Grecian, Roman and Spartan history, to the models of public virtue and patriotic devotion which they exhibit; or yet to “modern instances” and individual examples, to the virtues and beneficent lives of a Fenelon, or a Howard, of a Las Casas, a Mackintosh,* or a Benezette, as furnishing sufficient and glorious evidences of the disinterestedness, the God-like benevolence and lofty qualities which sometimes make their abode in human breasts, would avail us but little on the present occasion, and against the reasonings of our sceptical and metaphysical author, who would still maintain that the public spirit of the patriot, and the labours and charities of the philanthropist, are alike the result, and spring equally from the workings of an ever active and subtle self-love, which leads them to seek a firm gratification in the sacrifices and exertions which they make, with such seeming disinterestedness for the benefit of others, and for which they receive an equivalent and reward in the respect which such actions inspire, and the applause they draw after them. Let us, then, follow the knife of this intellectual anatomist,—let us accompany him in his investigations, and endeavor to discover whether the account which he gave of the interior structure and moral formation of the human mind, be indeed correct, and such as he represents it to be. It will, in the first place, be seen, that the broad doctrine, that all our actions, whether good or evil, are alike prompted by selfish and interested motives, if taken literally, (and it was, surely, so meant to be understood by the author,) necessarily and wholly excludes *conscience* and the *moral sense*, from all share in the directing of men’s conduct, and from any real agency in human affairs,—a position of such startling extravagance, that it requires but to be stated to be at once rejected as untenable and absurd. By merely pushing the doctrine, therefore, *ad absurdum*, and carrying it out to its legitimate consequences, its fallacy and unsoundness, might be clearly shown, and summarily exposed. We, however, do not propose to treat the question in this manner on the present occasion, but would barely observe, that if conscience or honor be indeed empty words, or terms without meaning, the principles of self-love and calculation, must at least be admitted to be very good substitutes for them; and, as the author has shown, or attempted to show, counterfeits them so well, that they might, on the score of their utility alone, have received a somewhat different treatment at his hands than

* Duncan Mackintosh, the distinguished American philanthropist, to whom so many of the inhabitants of St. Domingo were indebted for their lives, and for after support and assistance.

they have done; and might more properly have been ranked by him among the minor virtues, than sneered at as vices that infect, as with a leprous taint, the whole mind and nature of man. It is but justice, however, to the author, to observe that his scepticism appears to extend no further than to the motives of human actions, as he seems clearly to recognise the received distinctions between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, vice and virtue; and no where calls in question the general principles of morality, or the truths of religion. It is evident, however, that his doctrine strikes at the root of both, and leads to the worst species of infidelity, by virtually denying any merit either to good conduct, or right intentions, by assigning the basest origin to the best actions, and thus, in effect, taking away every incentive to virtue, and every motive to well doing—for, upon even the most liberal view that can be taken of the author's doctrine, conscience and the moral sense can only rank as secondary, or inferior attributes of the mind, and instead of operating as checks upon, would be controlled, and on all occasions overruled, by the suggestions of self-love, or the force of the passions, as he in effect represents them to be. It might, however, be objected, that, though such are the results to which the author's principles would lead, and such the moral consequences that would flow from them, they may, nevertheless, be stubbornly true, and fairly deducible, from the general character of human actions and motives, and must be refuted by other arguments than those drawn from a view of the evil effects with which they would be attended in practice, as these would serve, not to prove their falsehood, but only to illustrate, more fully, their pernicious nature and evil tendency. As the author has chosen, however, to adopt this circuitous mode of undermining the foundations of morality and religion, it would be perfectly allowable in an opposer of his principles, to avail himself of the admission which he tacitly makes—the validity of the distinctions between right and wrong, and the binding obligation of the general principles of morality and justice by which men are governed in society—for, such is the weakness of his ground, that by merely admitting what must be considered as undeniable except by the most sturdy disputant and inveterate sceptic, he totally deprives himself of every chance of sustaining with success the revolting principle which he has taken so much pains and employed so much ingenuity to illustrate. If, then, through the force of those religious principles and moral distinctions which prevail in society, and influence in a greater or less degree the minds of men, all our actions are good or evil as they affect others, and the community at large—independently, or, rather, without reference to their motives, they must be equally so in relation to ourselves, and, consequently, to the principles which originally determine and influence our conduct. Our motives, then, must be susceptible of the same classification as our actions, and the attempt of the author to prove that they are always evil, base, or unworthy, proves too much, as it goes to break down the distinctions, so explicitly admitted by himself, as subsisting between the good and evil creeds of men, it being plain, that if our actions be alike traceable to one common source, namely, to selfishness and interested calculations, they are no longer distinguishable into right and wrong, except relatively, or as they

affect others, or society at large. As they affect ourselves, they would necessarily partake of one uniform character, and be always the same in every individual. Were this the case, however, it would only prove them to be the result of an over-ruling necessity, or of a nature so inherently depraved and corrupt as to deprive man of all free will or moral agency, and exonerate him from any responsibility either for his acts, his intentions, or his principles of conduct. These would no longer, therefore, be good or evil as they respect ourselves, though they would still be so in relation to society, a conclusion which, however absurd, or contradictory it may appear to be, is nevertheless, legitimately deducible from the doctrine of the author. It is only by admitting that man, however corrupt by nature he may be, is still susceptible of moral impressions, and possessed of dispositions capable of being improved and moulded to virtue, that he can be considered as a moral agent and accountable creature. It is only by admitting that our motives are divisible, like our actions, into good or evil, that any moral standard of conduct can be established, or the great conservative principles that hold society together, be enforced or successfully sustained. As the same diversity that prevails in the outward forms, the countenances and other physical characteristics of men, is found to exist, also, in their characters, their tempers and dispositions; and it being notorious, and a matter of daily observation, that they are generally much more governed by their passions, their propensities and natural desires, than by reason or forethought, to the direct injury, often, of their reputations, and most essential interests, it is surely giving them somewhat more credit for reflection, and ranking them higher in the scale of rational beings, than is (unfortunately) warranted by the history of human nature, to consider them as always swayed in their conduct by calculating views and interested objects,—for the passions and mere animal propensities of our nature, are no more selfish in their origin or character, than are our appetites, or the affections of hunger and thirst—though, like the latter, they may be indulged to a vicious or criminal extent; and thus ultimately become selfish—as where they lead us to indulge in their gratification to the disregard or injury of the interests or the rights of others. Even in the eye of justice, the *quo animo*, or motive of a criminal act, constitutes the criterion by which it is judged, and forms the standard by which its guilt is measured, and its punishment graduated. Where, on the contrary, it is the result of passion or mere sudden impulse, it is considered as involving a lighter degree of guilt than those which spring from malice, or deliberate design. While, then, it is essential to the character of good actions that they should not only be the result of principle and a sense of duty, but of virtuous and benevolent impulses; the reverse obtains in relation to those of a contrary description, or such as are of a vicious or criminal nature—the guilt or turpitude of these being aggravated in proportion to the selfishness of the motive by which they are prompted, and the deliberation with which they are committed. Such, we repeat, as spring from mere thoughtlessness, or passion, are considered as involving a lighter degree of criminality; and are often viewed even in an indulgent light, or pardoned as mere natural weaknesses and human errors. It thus appears that absolute selfishness can

scarcely be predicated even of such actions as are confessedly vicious, and decidedly criminal. Still less, therefore, can it be imputed in the case of good actions; or be considered as entering into and viciating the motives of the benevolent, and the deeds of the generous. We contend, then, that so long as the dispositions and tempers of men—which differ so widely in different individuals—continue to exert, as they confessedly do, an important influence over their motives and conduct, the attempt to trace their actions to one identical or common source—that is, to selfishness or interested calculation—must be admitted to be inconsistent with fact, and as wholly unsustainable and absurd. If, therefore, the motives of men,—influenced as they are, by their passions, their peculiar temperaments and natural propensities,—necessarily partake of the same diversity as the latter, they may be good, as well as evil; elevated as well as base; disinterested as well as selfish; and the whole doctrine of the author falls to the ground. For even prudence and self-denial are quite as necessary, and are as often displayed in the conduct of the wicked as in that of the virtuous, or the good—the circumstance which renders these qualities meritorious in the one, and only a proof of deeper dissimulation and more determined depravity in the other, being merely the difference between the motives by which they are actuated, and the objects at which they respectively aim.

Man, then we contend, whatever may be his faults and imperfections, is still the work and offspring of an Omnipotent Creator, who, while he left him free to choose between good and evil, gave him the means of directing his choice aright, not only by endowing him with the necessary degree of perception and intellect, but by imparting to him a conscience or moral sense, as an unerring guide and monitor, whom his self-love, however subtle or overweening, can neither elude nor deceive, nor bribe to silence; and who, if it does not always govern his actions, never fails to judge them; and with an impartiality and serenity that in many instances have compelled him to anticipate, and execute upon himself, with rash and impious hand, the justice due to his flagrant criminalities or secret misdeeds. This moral sense, or conscience,—this high intellectual attribute, which raises him to a participation in the destinies, and constitutes him a link in the chain of spiritual and immortal beings,—is surely as much a part of his mental constitution, as that partial and intrusive self-love which has been set up as the sole guide and prompter of his actions, and the leading characteristic of his perverse and corrupt nature. What we mean to maintain, then, is, that the moral sense, which points out to us no less clearly what is due to others than to ourselves, and is therefore the source and parent of the virtues of justice, disinterestedness and generosity; and of all those qualities which most adorn and dignify our nature—is naturally and properly the chief spring and guide of our actions, and always becomes such wherever it has been cultivated and developed by appropriate and virtuous systems of education; and allowed an opportunity of exercising its legitimate authority and influence over the mind and conduct. That, on the contrary, it is only during periods of degeneracy and general corruptions of manners, that self-love, pride and vanity, and the other revolting vices and passions of the human heart, obtrude

themselves into notice, and acquire that ascendancy over the mind and conduct, which superficial observers and the maligners of human nature would represent as characteristic of the species, and as a proof of the original proclivity and moral abasement of the human mind. Conscience and a moral sense, as being the highest attributes of the mind, are therefore naturally its first guides, and our earliest monitors,—as is evinced in the moral dispositions and generous virtues which so easily take root in youthful bosoms—our notions of right and wrong, and of the obligations of honor and duty, being in general better defined and more closely adhered to at the outset of life, than at any other, or more subsequent period. It is only after the sensibility and tone of the moral feelings have been impaired and diminished by a long intercourse with the world, that selfishness, pride, and vanity, and the other vices of our nature, begin to strive for mastery over the soul; and that its earlier implanted virtues, and first acquired principles, either partially yield to, or are finally overpowered by temptation—the seductions of pleasure or the allurements of vice. A further illustration, in support of our position, may also be drawn from the moral phenomena exhibited by the mind even in infancy—it being observable that children begin to distinguish between good and evil before they learn any thing else; their actions evincing a constant reference to, and an early appreciation of, the difference between right and wrong; while they receive moral ideas and impressions with more ease, and retain them much longer than any others. This aptitude could not exist, had not the mind been constituted and designed by the Creator to receive and be influenced by moral impressions; and the fact of our being so influenced, proves, in them, the truth and binding obligation of the great leading principles of that universal code of morals, which has in all ages and countries controlled, with more or less force, the consciences and actions of men. As the circumstance of the mind's being capable of receiving and combining ideas, places us in the rank and elevates us to the dignity of spiritual intelligences,—so the fact of our being susceptible of moral impressions, and acting in obedience to the dictates of conscience and the moral sense, proves, in like manner, that we are also moral agents and accountable beings. If we are such, the principles upon which we act, and the motives by which we are influenced, must alike be divisible into right and wrong; and must abide the same moral test, both in the judgments of men and before the tribunal of Heaven. The circumstance, we repeat, of our being able to appreciate and to act upon the distinctions between right and wrong, and moral good and evil,—proves that we are moral agents and responsible beings, designed by our Maker to pass through that state of earthly trial and probation by which our sense of the awful and unalterable nature of these distinctions is kept ever alive, and daily exercised and tried. The moral sense, then, as we have before said, by clearly instructing us in our duty to others, as well as to ourselves, is opposed to selfishness; and, being impartial in its dictates, forms a natural check and appropriate counter-balance to the overweening emotions of self-love; and shows that originally the mind, like the body, was duly poised, and systematically and harmoniously framed by its Creator; and that the vices which deform the one, like

many of the diseases that destroy the other, are alike the result of erroneous systems of education; of an abuse of their respective powers, or a misdirection of their energies.

We are aware that it has been maintained, by sceptical writers, that conscience itself, and the moral sense, are not original attributes of the mind, but are made up partly of ideas artificially imprest upon it by education; and are partly mere modes of feeling growing out of the habit, peculiar to our perverse and selfish nature, of referring all things to ourselves,—by which we are led on every occasion, to make the case of others more or less our own; and by which we come at last to estimate the good policy as well as justice, of the rule of doing as we would be done by. This is the doctrine set forth in Smith's "Theory of Moral Sentiments," which was yet written with the laudable view of showing that the precept of doing to others as we would be done by, is not only strictly just, but is the dictate of nature itself; and the result of a natural process of the mind which leads us, on all occasions, to place ourselves in the situation of others—to which habit, as to their present source, our moral ideas and principles may be plainly and legitimately traced.—Sceptics, and the impugnors of human motives, have availed themselves of this doctrine (emanating from so respectable a source,) to maintain that our moral actions originate in the workings of a subtle and reflective self-love, which leads us in all cases to look with prospective prudence to their possible consequences, and bearing upon ourselves; to calculate upon a reciprocity from others; and, in short, to study their general tendency to advance our own credit, and promote our own interest. To this we reply, that the truth of the rules and principles of morality, like that of every other science, rests upon grounds distinct from their utility; and that these impart to them a weight and authority independent of their application, or of the advantages which we derive from them in practice. Though their utility depend upon their truth, the reverse does not hold good; and to argue that they owe their validity and sanction to their beneficial effects and tendency, in their application between man and man, is quite as reasonable as it would be to maintain that fruits owe their sweetness to their agreeable taste, instead of referring their taste to their sweetness. The principles of the exact sciences, which are the most useful, do not depend for their truth, merely upon the circumstance of their being convenient in use, and subservient to the purpose of man,—being also demonstrably true; and founded on the unchangeable nature of numbers, and the eternal laws of proportion. In like manner the authority and binding force of the principles of morality and duty, are assuredly not alone dependent upon the advantages that are found to flow from them in practice, but are founded,—as we have endeavored to show,—on the broad and lasting distinctions between right and wrong; truth and falsehood; good and evil. These distinctions cannot be confounded by any act or sophistry of man, any more than can those of height and depth; light and darkness; life and death—being inherent in the nature of things, and unalterable by Omnipotence itself. To consider them as indebted for their force and authority, to the circumstance of our always making the case of others our own, or to their casual reference to ourselves, and our little fleeting in-

terests, is to convert general principles into individual rules; to substitute expediency for principle; and, in a word, to subvert the whole code and very foundation of morals. The same process of reasoning that serves to prove the existence of mind, serves, likewise, to prove the existence of conscience and a moral sense; and our accountability, therefore, as rational and moral beings. If our position, then, be correct,—that the distinctions between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, and good and evil, are founded in the nature of things, and are unchangeable,—the attempt to establish the maxim that self-love is the spring of all our actions, must needs fail,—in as much as this theory assigns the same common origin to all our acts,—whether ostensibly good, or openly evil; whether beneficial or pernicious to others, or ourselves. The supporters of this doctrine have indeed only been able to maintain their ground by assuming the convenient privilege of assigning to their favorite principle, a Protean or omnifarious power, by which it glides successively through various disguises, and an endless masquerade of characters—being, at one time, public virtue; and, at another, private vice; now benevolence and generosity; and now vanity or avarice—but through every change, still selfishness or self-love, “another and the same.” The Grecian fable which represents Hercules as pursuing Proteus through his various and endless transformations, must, we think, have had some reference to this class of sophists, and to the difficulty of following them through their windings, and detecting their subterfuges and fallacies;—

“So erst when Proteus on the briny shore,
New forms assumed, of lion, pard and boar;
The wise Atrides bound in sea-weed thongs
The changeful God, amidst his scaly prongs;
Till in deep tones his opening lips at last,
Reluctant told the future and the past.”

It would indeed require a gigantic intellect to expose all the fallacies of their doctrine—to point out its inconsistency with fact and daily experience; and its dangerous and demoralizing character and tendency. It would be sufficient to show, that if practically acted upon, it would mentally tend to loosen the bonds and corrupt the manners of society; and ultimately bring about (as it did in ancient Rome, and modern France,) both moral confusion and civil anarchy. S.

TULIP-TIME.

Writing of the death of a former Master of Magdalen College, “whose whole delight was horses, dogs, sporting, &c.,” which, says Cole, happened on the first of September, the legal day for partridge-shooting to begin, “it put me in mind of the late Dr. Walker, Vice-master of Trinity, a great florist (and founder of the Botanical Garden at Cambridge,) who, when told of a brother florist’s death, by shooting himself in the spring, immediately exclaimed, ‘Gadzooks! is it possible? Now, at the beginning of tulip-time!’”

WHO IS MY WIDOW?

"We forgive our husbands all their faults and infirmities, for that single good-natured act of dying and leaving us once more to ourselves."—*Widow's Petition to Parliament.*

GENTLE reader—a woman!—a widow!—a wonder!

Oh, for the pen of Ovid to trace in lines of fire, the charms of this bouncing beauty, just freed from the fetters of her deceased lord! You should melt with my 'los and highos,' and kiss the paper on which I wrote her name.

There was she, the other day, commanding the admiration of Senators, whose lips were praising liberty at the moment they were enslaved by hers—who appealed to heaven and gazed at the bust of this Paphian queen! How happily could she have anticipated their wish, and made them the reply of a lady to the Prince Regent.—"Sweet lady," said he, "let me place my hand on that soft bosom." "Give me your Majesty's hand," she replied, "and I will direct it to a much softer place." And she carried it to his own head! There was a turn of thought worthy the Niñon.

Well, of my widow?—I must tell you all about her. She is pretty—eyes sleepy as Physce's—lips panting and red as the rose of Lancaster—form round and modulated into voluptuousness—bust swelling with love—voice softer than the lute—mind Cleopatrian, and disposition—her disposition I cannot swear to.

Did she order me to pray, I would do it, though there is no piety in her eye. It is too much under the influence of the blood, that shoots magically through her blue veins. And her white skin has too much of a tempting gloss; it is of too ripe, too melting a glow, for any other occupation than to shine of a moon-light night in the sequestered grove. My widow is not monkish—that is she does not fast. She needs no idol. She is divine herself—certainly my divinity, omnipresent to me, kind and attentive. And then her hair!—Prynne once quoted from one thousand authors on a ringlet; but I cannot—her hair is not light, though it emits as many rays—it is not a yellow gloss encircling a pink flower—it is unlike any thing, unless I compare it to the net work of love. Who would have imagined that so evil a destiny could fix upon me, as that of being tied to my widow by the segolden tresses. I could have smiled, as an Italian does in his chains, if my lot had been Hector's fastened to a chariot wheel; but, ask me to be lashed, Mazeppa-like, to this imp of love, is what I never can survive! Not that I can compare my widow to an imp,—Venus forbid it. She is an angel, that is a little more *fleshy* than an angel. Then her bosom—the carnation cheeks of a nursling Cupid, would set fire to the sun if he dared to gaze upon it. Gadzooks, you could not look at it without shedding tears—not the tears shed by the judges, as the Athenian orator unveiled the charms of Phryne, but such as many drop when they think of that prophecy which foretells the burning up of the world!

She is the magic of the bull room—the idol of the men—the envy of the women. She puts forth her charms as a spring, that is ever varying, ever winning, ever beautiful. Nothing in her dress, air or fea-

ture, which is not calculated to enchain the heart. One moment she is pensive, the next she will make a parson laugh. At one time she will be haughty, then coquetish, then frank. To-day she appears in a blue satin dress, her hair plaited and her forehead developed, to-morrow you may see her in Dian's white, with graceful curls concealing the snow of her cheek. In the morning walk, you may behold her arm naked, as a Roman's leg without sandal: in the evening it will be disguised in an envious glove. She is variety itself, and possesses all that caprice, which makes the French ladies so many destinies over the affairs of the heart.

Nor, like Hippolite Clairon, does she paint her ears: they are red enough and small! Gentle reader how bountiful is providence in granting us so many ways of communicating our thoughts—the hands, the lips, the tongue and each member of the body; for every attitude or motion of my widow has a sense, a meaning, an elegant speech. Her gestures constitute a language more universal than the Latin. Let one be ever so dull, and she could teach him, in a moment, the history of the loves, simply by her style of walking. Did you ever see a Spanish woman's foot?—If you never did, I will describe it, for my widow is like it.—It is a soft piece of muscular flesh pressed into a shoe, and is ever burning for that, of which some ladies are deprived before marriage—liberty!—It dances, goes to church and to the theatre, it steps lightly in the dark, and is most delightful in the gay waltz, when eye meets eye, breath mingles with breath, and lips burn for lips.—

“Look in mine eye balls where thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips since eyes on eyes?”

So said Venus to Adonis.

When she speaks of love, how the words mingle with her sighs—music, bubbling from silvery springs! How soft yet clear, how passionate yet dove like she seems! How down-cast her eye lids, how graceful the bend of her gloveless arm, how coily the dimple lurks in her elaborated elbow, how enchanting the emphasis of her ringed finger, when the sweet creature describes some ill-starred maiden pining with hopeless love!—Her tears gush out—no they do not—they are “prisoned in her eyes like pearls in glass.”

She is ravished by music, has a decided taste for it—keeps time with her fan—in the tone of F. natural on the flute, dyingly exclaims ‘charment,’ when she hears the song called, “She never told her Love,” and generously and benevolently praises the execution of all on every instrument. She is moreover fashionable—a very pink—says *tu* for *two*—reads reviews and novels—eats ice-cream out of the same glass with a gentleman—laughs at the missionaries, and takes champaign, not to brighten her eyes, or flush her cheek, but purely as a pastime.

We had often met in a crowd, but never in her own house tête-a-tête until some weeks back. We were in a hall splendidly furnished, the hour nine at night. There was nothing out of the way in the stars, they did not glance love into us, as many of the novelists make them, to extenuate the rash pledges, &c. of their heroes and heroines. I cannot tax the stars then. Nor were the airs soft and inviting. I did not know whether it was cloudy or windy without—I will tell the truth and

shame the author of a popular novel.—It is this,—My widow was beautiful and I determined to court her—that is feel her yea or nay,—that is in few words ‘to pop the question!’

On the marble centre table were two books richly bound,—Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*, his first and sweetest poem; and Moore’s *Melodies* with a vial of the otto of roses. She sat on one side: I on the other. Her eye now gave me such a look,—oh gemini! it was a rifle shot. I could not help it, I was in love,—the red organ under my ribs was withering. She looked so approving—her dress so became her—neatness itself, no doubt from having no children to rumple it. I was confident of this, for she never alluded to her children the whole time I had known her.

“Madam,” said I, “excuse me,—I have for a long time—ahem, ha—felt—a—(the fire of her eyes went out, a tear about the size of a large pin’s head started in the corner of the one, while its peer shone on me a thin glimmer of light, like what passes through a slit in the silk curtain of a window,)—“I say Madam,” I resumed,—I felt a passion,—(Her hand accidentally fell nigh mine on the table,—I repeat nigh—not touching—but its warm essence—its Promethean spark shot to mine, so that my fingers began to creep to hers,)—“a passion,” I continued for—

“Ma—mama,” came like a thunder clap from an adjoining room and silenced me.

“For what?” she enquired suddenly and unguardedly.

“That child, ma’m,” was my thoughtless answer, entirely possessed by the terrors of child crying.

“Ah sir—indeed—a passion for that child,—how kind—how amiable,” said she with a smile that was electrical. She looked so sweet and then the wild heave of her bosom,—what could I do,—and there was the poem before me—the stanza marked thus:

“Thou canst not see one wrinkle on my brow,
Mine eyes are grey and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,

* * * * *

My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt
Would in thy palm dissolve or seem to melt!”

I was now about to exclaim, “I love you, dear lady,” when in came a chubby urchin, who rushed between us and bawled “mama” to the maximum of his lungs.

“Stop, child,” said she, pushing him from her—“you’ll soil my dress.”

And well she might say so, for the poor little fellow was not only ragged, but his rags must have been imported from Diogenes’ tub!

This disclosure at once drove love and Shakespeare out of my brain. My old father always told me, that a widow who dressed herself and kept her children ragged at home, would bring any one to ruin, who married her. And from this hint my courtship ceased, so “I am off,” as the fly said to the mustard pot.

CCELEBS.

BRAZILIAN SCENERY.

"It is generally supposed that the woods abound with birds whose flight or note continually enliven the forest, but nothing can be more still or solitary than every thing around. The silence is appalling, and the desolation awful; neither is disturbed by the sight or voice of any living thing, save one, which only adds to the impression. Among the highest trees, and in the deepest glens, a sound is sometimes heard so singular, that the noise seems quite unnatural. It is like the clinking of metals, as if two lumps of brass were struck together; and resembles sometimes the distant or solemn tolling of a church bell, struck at long intervals. This extraordinary sound proceeds from a bird called *Arapouga*, or *Juirapouga*. It is about the size of a small pigeon, white, with a red circle round its eyes. It sits on the tops of the highest trees, and in the deepest forests; and, though constantly heard, is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive any thing of a more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metallic and preternatural sound of this invisible bird, wherever you go. We have often watched with great perseverance, when the sound seemed quite near us, but never once caught a glance of the cause. It past suddenly over the top of a very high tree, like a flake of snow, and immediately disappeared."—*Rev. R. Walsh's Notices of Brazil*.

"Whilst we lay in the noon-day heat, shadowed under thick wood, the very peculiar and romantic cry of the *Campanero*, or Bell-bird, would be heard at long intervals. It is white, about the size of a pigeon, with a feathery excrescence on its head, and the sound which it produces in the lone woods, is like that of a convent bell, tolling at a distance."—*Capt. J. E. Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches*.

The foregoing extracts suggested the lines which ensue :

Here nature, clad in vestments rich and gay,
Sits like a bride in gorgeous palace lone;
And sees nought move, and hears no sound all day,—
Save from its cloudy source the torrent tumbling,
And to the mountain's foot its glories humbling;
Or wild woods to the desert gale that moan!
Or far the Araponga's note deep tolling
From the tall pine's glossy spire, whence the breeze,
Disporting o'er the green and shoreless seas—
Impels the leafy billows, ever rolling.
It comes again! sad as the passing bell—
That solitary note! unseen whence swell
The tones so drear—so secret is the shade
Where that coy dweller of the glooms has made
His perch, on high, behind his verdant skreen,
He nestles—or, like transient snow-flake's fash,
Or flying foam that winds from torrents dash,
Plunges to stiller haunts, where hangs sublime
The trav'ling water-vine,* its pitcher green
Filled from the cloud—where but the bear may climb,
Or thirsting savage, when the summer ray
Has dried each fount, and parched the desert way.
Here safe he dips refreshed his pearly bill
In lymph more pure than from or spring or rill;

* The leaves are protuberant below, and form vessels like pitchers, which catch and retain the rain water, furnishing cool and limpid draughts to the heated traveller, in elevations where no other water is to be found. The quantity of fluid contained in these reservoirs, is sometimes very considerable, and, in attempting to reach the flower stem, I have been often drenched by upsetting the plant."—*Walsh*, p. 170.

No longer by the wandring Indian shared,
 The dewy draught he there may quaff unscares;—
 For vacant now glooms every glen and grove,
 Where erst he saw the quivered red man rove;
 Saw, like the otter's brood upon the stream,
 His wild-eyed offspring sport, or neath the tree
 Share with the birds kind nature's bounty free.
 Changed is the woodland scene, like morning dream!
 The race has vanished, to return no more,—
 Gone from the forest's sides, the river's shore; *
 Is it for this, thou lone and hermit bird!
 That thus thy knell-like note so sad is heard,
 Sounding from every desert shade and dell,
 Where once they dwelt, where last they wept farewell!
 They fled—till, wearied by the bloody chase,
 Or stopt by the rich spoil, their brethren pale,
 Sated, the dire pursuit surceased a space. †
 While memory's eye o'er the sad picture fills,
 They fade! nor leave behind a wreck or trace;
 Each valiant tribe forgotten on their hills,
 And seen no more in wilderness or vale.

LINUS.

* During the administration of the Marquiss de Sombal, these people (the Indians,) were protected; and it was deemed that no Indian should be reduced to a state of slavery. By a mistaken humanity, permission was given to the Brazilians to convert their neighbors to Christianity. The Indians were every where hunted down for the sake of their salvation; wars were executed among them, for the laudable purpose of bringing in each other captives, to be converted to Christianity. The consequence was, that all who could escape, returned to the remotest forests; and there is now not one to be found in all this wooded country.—Walsh, p. 47.

† The Portuguese settle only where they meet with mines; and leave the rich lands, with which the country abounds, uncultivated.

THUCYDIDES, TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM SMITH, D. D., IN TWO VOLUMES. HARPER & BROTHERS, 1836.—This work constitutes the twenty-second and twenty-third volumes of the Classical Family Library, and is on some accounts more deserving of attention than any which has preceded it. It contains the biography of the translator, himself a distinguished divine, a preface, three discourses, the first embracing the Life of Thucydides, the second his qualifications as an historian, the third a survey of the history, and finally the history itself.

Demosthenes is said to have copied Thucydides eight times. Longinus proposes him as the model of the sublime in historical composition. Plutarch calls him "the most pathetic, and a writer of the greatest energy and variety that ever was. The scenes in his history are strong, most expressive paintings. He makes the past to be present. He makes hearing sight."

It is unnecessary for us to add a word to commend this work to public attention.

FROM OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—The Lectures of this Society commenced this season, by an Essay from the pen of Dr. J. B. Irving on "Modern Antiques." The hall was thronged by ladies and gentlemen, who were well rewarded for their attendance. Curiosity had been awakened by the singularity of the subject, upon which the lecturer had chosen to descant. "Modern Antiques" was a rather odd combination of the parts of speech, a kind of antipodes in literature, and, as whatever is mysterious, excites wonder, many were anxious to find out how the zenith and nadir would be brought together. The Doctor solved the problem in a very ingenious manner, and convinced us that medical gentlemen know how to make people laugh sometimes, as well as cry. The Doctor had had a dream, which however "was not all a dream." Judgment, it is true, as is the case in most visions, had thrown down the reins, and given them up to his pretty consort, Imagination, but still kept his seat in the gig in order to direct his wife occasionally which way to steer. It was we expect, "a waking dream," such as we ourselves some times enjoy in our Arm Chair, when the fire is burning leisurely in the chimney, the writing materials are spread out before us, and the intruding servant is told to be-gone about his business,—sometimes a pleasant, occasionally a painful dream, but in the Doctor's case a very agreeable one,—a very bright and brilliant one, covered all over with the hues of the rain-bow, and which conveyed a promise that there would be nothing but smiles and sunshine in this rainy region,—this city of muddy streets, for sometime to come. But whether a waking or a sleeping dream, it produced no disposition to yawn. No one present rubbed his eyes or stretched out his ambulatory members as if inviting repose. On the contrary, every individual sat *arrectis auribus*; every eye glistened with pleasure; the dimples of the ladies were seen to great advantage, and even their teeth, as well as those of the gentlemen, indicated enjoyment so rare that it would have roused the admiration of Hogarth could he have witnessed the scene. Even the grave members of the Philosophical Society looked at each other significantly, as much as to say, "there are other things in heaven and earth than have been been dreamed of in our philosophy." Not that we would insinuate, that those gentlemen are actual dreamers. Science forbid! we would, however, venture respectfully to suggest, that philosophy would be no loser, and society a considerable gainer, if they would dream occasionally, that is to say, if they could dream as pleasantly as Dr. Irving.

The Doctor dreamt that society, instead of being progressive, moved in a circle, and that the moderns occupy precisely that place in the circle which was formerly filled by the ancients, and are pursuing exactly the same track. Confining himself to Carolina, he divided its society into five sections, one of which was composed of Egyptians, another of Persians, a third of Greeks, a fourth of Romans, and a fifth of Goths,—the latter being representatives of the fair sex. In tracing the resemblances which exist between the moderns and these ancient na-

tions, the lecturer aimed a blow at the follies, caprices and ridiculous customs of the age in which we live. We shall not attempt to follow him in his discursive and eccentric course, but would remark, that the idea was well conceived for covert and sprightly attacks, and was, for the most part, ingeniously followed out, the lecturer indulging in frequent sallies of wit and humour, which were generally happy, and which contributed not a little to the amusement of the audience. We cannot avoid commending the elocution of Dr. Irving, which was remarkably good. He appears to have studied the art of fine speaking with success, and while some pronounced his manner theatrical, we could not join in the reproach. There was no affectation apparent, but simply an accommodation of the tones of the voice to the sentiments uttered, and until our public speakers learn to modulate and manage their voices better than they do, so as to give a thrilling expression to the thoughts of the mind and the feelings of the heart, they will never become truly eloquent. In his numerous quotations from the poets, which were judiciously introduced, there was an appreciation of the sense of the author, and a truth and force of delivery, which our best actors upon the stage have not always, nor even very often attained.

In analysing the characteristics of the ancient nations, the lecturer was neither very close nor thorough, sufficiently so however for his design, which was merely to present some of their boldest, most obvious and most prominent traits. The concluding remarks on religion, though very beautiful and very noble, constituted too much of an episode, and did not seem to us properly to belong to the subject.

This theory of the metempsychosis, in which the souls of the ancients are transferred into the bodies of the moderns, is certainly more agreeable than that of Pythagoras, who supposed that, at death, they entered into the bodies of cats, dogs and monkies. It is more pleasing to a man certainly, to be a man, than a brute, however brutishly some men may conduct themselves. But the idea of society moving only in a circle, is of course wholly imaginary. Every age inherits something from that which precedes it. Society is essentially progressive, and although the leading outlines of the human race, in mind and temper, are the same in every age and country, yet the characters of individuals and nations are modified by laws, customs and institutions which are every where different.

We wish the Doctor would follow out his plan, as he suggested, and give us another lecture in the same vein, that is, if he can dream as well as he did the last time. We are glad that the Lectures of the Philosophical Society have commenced with so much spirit. An evening once a month, spent in this way, is better than a ball or tea party, though these, we confess, are very pleasant when there is not too great a crowd. While there are so many illusions, so many feats of legerdemain, horsemanship and magic, so many imitations of the voices of pigs and birds, and cotillions of dancing dinner plates, presented nightly to the eyes and ears of the wonder-stricken multitude, the mind surely should not be utterly neglected. It is pleasant occasionally to throng to the temple dedicated to the muses, to listen to the arguments of a sensible speaker, or the sallies of a witty one, more especially where the deductions of reason and the displays of humour, are set off by the decorations of taste, and recommended by the charms of eloquence. Let us hope that the meetings of our Literary and Philosophical Society will be better attended this winter than they have been hitherto. The literary pride and just ambition of our city should be warmly enlisted in behalf of these improving and delightful exercises.

NORTH AMERICAN HERPETOLOGY; OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE REPTILES INHABITING THE UNITED STATES, BY JOHN EDWARDS HOLBROOK, M. D. Vol. I. It is with no small degree of national pride that we hail the appearance of the first volume of this valuable and splendid work. The subject which it embraces is one to which less attention has been devoted by Zoologists than to any other portion of Natural History. The disgusting appearance of the objects of the herpetologist's research, and the dangers and difficulties connected with protracted observations on their habits, arising partly from the venomous character of reptiles, and partly from the unhealthiness of the regions in which they are most commonly found, present obstacles which are unknown in the study of the other classes of the animal kingdom. Hence Herpetology opens to the enterprising naturalist a rich and fertile field for the prosecution of his labours, a field which we are rejoiced to see it has been reserved to a southern writer to traverse with diligence and to describe with accuracy.

The work commences with an elaborate dissertation on the organization of animals of this class, in which the organs of integumentation, digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, voice, and sensation, with their corresponding functions are detailed at length, and with a precision and simplicity of style that throws around this abstruse subject an attractive spell.

Eleven genera and twenty-two species are described in the present volume, and we are pleased to find that we are indebted to the learned author for an entirely new genus of the Batrachians, "*Scaphiopus*," and for several species hitherto undescribed by systematic writers.

The typographical execution of the work is highly creditable to the press from which it emanates, and the coloured plates which accompany it, do honour by their elegance and accuracy, to the artist who designed them. Much labour and much money have been expended in this undertaking. The increased reputation of the author, will repay him for the former; as a reimbursement of the latter, we confidently look to the extensive patronage of the public. Such researches not only benefit the cause of science, but bestow another bright gem upon the coronal of our national literature.

COLERIDGE. We offered a few comments on the "Letters and Conversations" of this author in a recent number, and made some quotations from the work itself. Let us make a few further extracts upon miscellaneous topics. Of sublimity, we have the following:

"What can be finer in any poet than that beautiful passage in Milton—

——— *Onward he moved*
And thousands of his saints around.

This is grandeur, but it is grandeur without completeness: but he adds—

Far off their coming shone;

which is the highest sublime. There is *total* completeness.

"So I would say that the Saviour praying on the mountain, the desert on one hand, the sea on the other, the city at an immense distance below, was sublime. But I should say of the Saviour looking towards the city, his countenance full of pity, that he was majestic, and of the situation, that it was grand.

"When the whole and the parts are seen at once, as mutually producing and explaining each other, as unity in multitude, there results shapeliness—*forma formosa*.

Where the perfection of *form* is combined with pleasurable in the sensations excited by the matters or substances so formed, there results the beautiful.

"*Corollary*.—Hence colour is eminently subservient to beauty, because it is susceptible of forms, *i. e.*, outline, and yet is a sensation. But a rich mass of scarlet clouds, seen without any attention to the *form* of the mass or of the parts, may be a *delightful*, but not a beautiful object or colour."

A few of Lamb's jokes, as preserved in this volume, may very well be given. The Scotch corner in Hell he calls 'fire without brimstone.' 'The best of all acids, he says, is assiduity.' Of Porson, he tells the following :

"Hansard, the printer to the House of Commons, aping the patron, invited Porson to dinner in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Every thing passed off very well until about eleven o'clock, when the rest of the company departed. Porson alone remained, and proposed to Hansard to furnish two more bottles of wine. One was brought and despatched, when Hansard, having the fear of drunkenness before his eyes, thinking it a sure plan, said his wine was now out, but if Mr. Porson would honour him with his company to-morrow, he should have as much as he liked. This did not suit the professor, who inquired if there was no brandy?—No! No rum? No hollands?—No! Nothing but small beer. 'Well, then,' cried the professor, 'we will have a bottle of lightning.'

'Indeed, professor, we have no gin, and it is really too late to get it; it is past one o'clock.'

'Past one! *only* one o'clock! Why, then, I say, small beer.'

Small beer was brought, and Porson sat still till six o'clock drinking small beer out of a wine-glass, taking care to fill Hansard's glass each time, and singing—

'When wine and gin are gone and spent,
Then is small beer most excellent.'

Of George Frederick Cooke, the eccentric actor, the following :

George Frederick Cooke was once invited by a builder or architect of one of the theatres, Elmerton, as I think. He went, and Elmerton, being at a loss whom to invite, pitched upon Brandon, the box-keeper, to meet him. All went on pretty well until midnight, when George Frederick, getting very drunk, his host began to be tired of his company. George took the hint, and his host lighted him down stairs into the hall, when Cooke, laying hold of both his ears, shouted,—
"Have I, George Frederick Cooke, degraded myself by dining with bricklayers to meet box-keepers?"—tripped up his heels, and left him sprawling in darkness."

Lamb 'spoke of Mrs. Inchebald as the only endurable clever woman he had ever known;' called them impudent, forward, unfeminine and unhealthy in their minds. Instanced, among many others, Mrs. Barbauld, who was a torment and a curse to her husband. "Yet," said Lamb, "Letitia was only just tainted; she was not what the she-dogs now call an intellectual woman."

"Lamb one night wanted to demonstrate, after the manner of Swift, that the Man-t-chou Tartars were cannibals, and that the Chinese were identical with the Celtes (Sell Teas)."

Of the celebrated Mrs. Shelly and of Lord Byron the following passage may prove interesting :

"Met Mrs. Shelly and Mrs. Williams at Lamb's cottage, in Colebrook Row. Was much interested by these two young and lovely women. *Interesting* in every view. Knew Mrs. Shelly from her likeness to a picture by Titian in the Louvre, which is a far greater resemblance to Mrs. Shelly in the beautiful and very peculiar expression of her countenance than would be any portrait taken now. Hers seemed a face, as Hazlitt remarked when he pointed it out to me, that should be kept to acquire likeness. Mrs. Shelly at first sight appeared deficient in feeling, but this cannot be real. She spoke of Shelly without apparent emotion, without regard, or a feeling approaching to regret, without pain as without interest, and seemed to contemplate him, as every thing else, through the same passionless medium.

"Mrs. Shelly expressed much admiration of the personal manner and conversation of Lord Byron, but at the same time admitted that the account in the London Magazine for September was faithful. She censured his conduct towards Leigh Hunt as paltry and unfeeling; spoke very slightly of his studies or reading; thought him very superficial in his opinions; owed every thing to his memory, which was almost preternatural. Said that he felt a supreme contempt for all his contemporaries, with the exception of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and he ridiculed and derided even them, and was altogether proud, selfish, and frequently puerile. Mrs. Williams I think, gave the account of his determining to have a plum-pudding on his birthday, and after giving minute directions so as to prevent the chance of mishap, it was, to the eternal dishonour of the Italian cucina, brought up in a tureen of the substance of soup. Upon this failure in the production, he was frequently quizzed, and betrayed all the petulance of a child, and more than a child's curiosity to learn who had reported the circumstance."

Little scraps interspersed throughout this book are sometimes no less beautiful than true. Such are the three following, which we find in a cluster at page 147:

"Quarrels of anger ending in tears are favourable to love in its *springtide*, as plants are found to grow very rapidly after a thunder-storm with rain."

"The heart in its physical sense is not sufficient for a kite's dinner; yet the whole world is not sufficient for it."

"God hath from the beginning promised forgiveness to the penitent, but hath no where promised penitence to the sinner."

Of Tobin and Godwin, he says, "Tobin would pester me with stories of Godwin's dullness; and, upon his departure, Godwin would drop in just to say that Tobin was more dull than ever."

Of Campbell, the poet, he makes Jeffrey, the critic, say:—"He is one of the best fellows in the world. If, however, he has a fault, it is that he is envious, and to that degree that he wishes the walls may fall and crush any one who may excel him. He is one of my most intimate friends, and, with that *little* drawback, one of the best fellows in the world."

A fragment of an Essay at p. 158, 9 and 10, conveys a good lesson to Bigotry and Utilitarianism alike:

"The least reflection convinces us that our sensations, whether of pleasure or of pain, are the incommunicable parts of our nature, such as can be reduced to no universal rule, and in which, therefore, we have no right to expect that others should agree with us, or to blame them for disagreement. That the Greenlander prefers train oil to olive oil, and even to wine, we explain at once by our knowledge of the climate and productions to which he has been habituated. Were the man as enlightened as Plato, his palate would still find that most agreeable to which he had been most accustomed. But when the Iroquois sachem, after having been led to the most perfect specimens of architecture in Paris, said that he saw nothing so beautiful as the cooks' shops, we attribute this without hesitation to the savagery of intellect, and infer with certainty that the sense of the beautiful was either altogether dormant in his mind, or, at best, very imperfect. The beautiful, therefore, not originating in the sensations, must belong to the intellect, and therefore we declare an object beautiful, and feel an inward right to expect that others should coincide with us. But we feel no right to demand it; and this leads us to that which hitherto we have barely touched upon, and which we shall now attempt to illustrate more fully, namely, to the distinction of the beautiful from the good."

"Let us suppose Milton in company with some stern and prejudiced Puritan, contemplating the front of York Cathedral, and at length expressing his admiration of its beauty. We will suppose it, too, at that time of his life when his religious opinions, feelings, and prejudices more nearly coincided with those of the rigid anti-prelatists."

"PURITAN. Beauty ! I am sure it is not the beauty of holiness.

"MILTON. True : but yet it *is* beautiful.

"PURITAN. It delights not me. What is it good for ? Is it of any use but to be stared at ?

MILTON. Perhaps not : but still *it is* beautiful.

"PURITAN. But call to mind the pride and wanton vanity of those cruel shavelings that wasted the labour and substance of so many thousand poor creatures in the erection of this haughty pile.

MILTON. I do. But *still it is very* beautiful.

"PURITAN. Think how many score of places of worship, incomparably better suited both for prayer and preaching, and how many faithful ministers might have been maintained, to the blessing of tens of thousands, to them and their children's children, with the treasures lavished on this worthless mass of stone and cement.

"MILTON. Too true ! but nevertheless it is *very beautiful*.

"PURITAN. And it is not merely useless, but it feeds the pride of the prelates, and keeps alive the popish and carnal spirit among the people.

"MILTON. Even so : and I presume not to question the wisdom nor detract from the pious zeal of the first Reformers of Scotland, who, for three reasons, destroyed so many fabrics, scarce inferior in beauty to this now before our eyes. But I did not call it good, nor have I told thee, brother, that if this were levelled with the ground, and existed only in the works of the modeller or engraver, that I should desire to reconstruct it. The good consists in the congruity of a thing with the laws of the reason and the nature of the will, and in its fitness to determine the latter to actualize the former, and it is always discursive. The BEAUTIFUL arises from the preconceived harmony of an object, whether sight or sound, with the inborn and constitutional rules of the judgment and imagination ; and it is always intuitive. As light to the eye, even such is beauty to the mind, which cannot but have complacency in whatever is perceived, as pre-configured to its living faculties."

These extracts will commend the book to our readers. It possesses much matter, calculated to interest and instruct, on a variety of topics, not the least important and interesting of which, may be considered those portions which belong to the domestic ties. The selections, rather profusely given from Steele, Pope, &c. are well worth the perusal of all, and those of the former writer, we particularly commend to the young and unmarried.

A NEW AND COMPENDIOUS LATIN GRAMMAR ; WITH APPROPRIATE EXERCISES, ANALYTICAL AND SYNTHETICAL : FOR THE USE OF PRIMARY SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES AND COLLEGES. BY BAYNARD B. HALL, A. M., *Principal of the Bedford Classical and Mathematical Academy, and formerly Professor of the Ancient Languages in the Colleges of Indiana.*—The above entitled work has just been issued from the press of Harrison Hall, Esq. of Philadelphia, and from the imperfect inspection which other engagements have allowed us to give it, we feel no hesitation in recommending it to public examination. In the preparation of text-books, far more than ordinary difficulties intercept the progress, and interfere with the undertaking of their authors than most critics conceive of or acknowledge. It is surely no easy matter so to simplify language and at the same time express good sense, that early beginners shall not fail to imbibe instruction from its purport, or be led not into the sources and consequences of error from the interpretation. Especially more in the Latin language than any other, there is an indispensable necessity of establishing a thorough foundation in the outset in order that subse-

quent exertions may be crowned with success; or, in plainer terms, the minutest of those rudiments which are placed before the pupil must not only be comprehended but become familiar to his memory, or his labors will tend to but small advantage.

The Grammar and Exercises before us are of singularly romantic origin, having been for the most part designed and composed in some log-cabin of the western region: and well indeed was the undisturbed quiet of that solitary retreat suited to the serious engagement of classifying knowledge for the benefit of tender youth. The diligence and research which has been manifested by the author, gives evidence of his having prosecuted his task more with a view to the permanent good of his kind, than to the idle gratification of an unworthy ambition; so likewise does the scholarship which has been evinced, furnish evidence of the superintending influence of a well informed mind.

The usual divisions adopted by others in the arrangement of such elementary works, have in the main been pursued by Mr. Hall; he however enlarging to more effect, and setting forth the first principles of the language in more comprehensible terms.

Here we have rules which are so adapted and modified as to suit every variety of exception, of which the dialect is susceptible, without at the same time being introduced to such useless innovations as disfigure the text books of the day. Another peculiarity, and we may add advantage, is also discernible in these pages; while the early beginner is furnished with an easy and perspicuous mode of illustration, so is the now advanced scholar edified by a higher species of instruction, and the more especially by the occasional distinction, as well as analogy, drawn between the Latin and Greek languages. The latter portion of this grammar is made to contain a series of exercises so judiciously arranged as to enable the scholar to ascend in easy progress the uncertain ladder of knowledge without faltering or failing in his career. The subject too of these latter passages are of familiar import, being extracted for the most part from those portions of the Holy Scriptures in which the tender mind is most apt to take interest, thereby affording a facility in the course of interpretation, of which every pupil feels the want.

It is to be hoped that preceptors, as well as all who have in charge the education of youth, will at least bestow an examination upon this important acquisition to the classics. We believe moreover that a palpable economy would be consequent to its introduction into schools, &c. inasmuch as what is found in these pages would be adequate to the several elementary works now in use.

These commendations, will, we fear not to say, be fully corroborated, by a reference to the work itself.

☞ "ACCORDING TO CHRISTIANITY, IS WAR EVER JUSTIFIABLE?"—This is the title of an article in our present number, by the Rev. Dr. Adams, late President of our college, in which the Rev. author assumes and ably sustains the affirmative of the question. It is the first of a series of articles on a variety of subjects with which the Doctor may be expected to enrich the pages of the Journal.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Journal,—

DEAR SIR—In the Southern Literary Journal, for January, 1837, there is an ingenious article, by S. H. Dickson, M. D., where, in reply to an article in a previous number of the Journal, by the Hon. R. Y. Hayne, entitled "Facts and Speculations on Cholera," I find the following quotations and comment thereon. "It is supposed," says Gen. H. "to have been imported into Charleston, by a vessel from the West Indies." Comment by Dr. Dickson—"We know that it existed in these Islands, and that several vessels thence arrived in our port; if capable of importation, there was nothing to prevent its being brought hither." Here we have an inference, drawn upon a very grave and important subject from a mere supposition. If such arguments, upon such data, are to be received as logical, almost any thing may be proved. To set this matter right, I beg leave to say, that as Port Physician and Chairman of the Medical Committee of the Board of Health, I made every enquiry, and *unhesitatingly* and *positively* assert, that the Cholera was not thus introduced into Charleston, and as it may appear, that this statement conflicts with the observation of Gen. Hayne, quoted by Dr. D., I am authorised by Gen. H. to say, that he had no authority for the statement, and that he regarded it as a mere supposition, *unsubstantiated* by facts, and so expressed it, as his words will show,—"*It is supposed,*" which is indeterminate, and means nothing more, than that it was a rumor. I hope this statement will settle this point, *at least it ought so to do*, until positive facts can be adduced in opposition to *my minute investigation and positive assertion as a public officer*.

Again, the following quotation is made from Gen. H. "That the usual precaution for the preservation of the health of the city, had been in some measure neglected. *Quarantine* had not been *established*, &c." To the latter clause I beg leave to give as information, that, in all cases, at every period of the year, whenever any sickness is on board of a vessel entering Charleston harbor, the pilots have strict instructions to have such vessels brought to Quarantine; that they have faithfully discharged this duty, and in this manner have I been enabled to prevent the spread of a strictly *contagious* and *loathsome* disease, *Small Pox*, in our city for many years. I have had quarantine silently, but *efficiently* in operation, without unnecessarily trammelling commerce. It did not, I can assure both of the gentlemen, arise from any neglect of quarantine; and I regret I had not seen Gen. H. before he wrote his article. Dr. D. says "In 1832, the infected brig *Amelia*, was stranded off Folly Island beach, strict quarantine regulations were then enforced, and our city was saved." In reply, I beg leave to observe, that with the utmost circumspection and precaution which could be exercised by Gen. Hamilton, then Governor, Hon. H. L. Pinckney, then Intendant, and myself as Port Physician, a case of Cholera was introduced into the city, which a great number of persons saw, some personally attended, and yet the Cholera was not communicated to any one of them, and did not spread; and as soon as the brig *Amelia* and her cargo were burnt, the disease was arrested at Folly Island, the infected atmosphere having been destroyed, and no one after the destruction of said vessel and cargo who were exposed to the then sick took the disease.

In relation to the supposition that Cholera was introduced into the plantations on Santee by contagion, I think I will be able to show that this is a mistake. In your next number I will fully express my views on this subject, as you have so kindly presented me the use of your Journal. At present I am only desirous to correct errors growing out of misapprehensions.

With high respect, dear sir, your ob't serv't.

THOS. Y. SIMONS.

THE EAST AND THE WEST,—A new novel, issued, in handsome style, from the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, by the author of that talented and eccentric production, "Clinton Bradshaw." We think it fully sustains the reputation acquired by the previous work. The style is terse but unambitious, the descriptions racy and full of point, and the story, without rousing an impetuous, excites a lively and very pleasing interest. Its pictures are drawn more from truth and nature than from false and artificial standards, and it has less to do with romantic and over charged conceptions, than with vivid representations of real life.

If we are not misinformed, its gifted author is a native of South Carolina. We are indebted for our copy to the politeness of Mr. BEILE, from whom the work may be procured.

PLAGIARISMS OF BASIL HALL.—We insert the following communication from a respected correspondent with much pleasure. The facts are already familiar to some of our readers. They should be known to all of them :

"MR. EDITOR,—Captain Basil Hall, of travelling memory, has lately published a volume sufficiently amusing, called "Skimmings." It is an account of what passed during a visit paid by him and wife, to an old German Countess Purgstall, by birth a Scotchwoman, and the supposed *original* of Di Vernon, in Sir Walter Scott's historical romance, called Rob Roy. Many of your readers are no doubt already acquainted with this *episode* in Basil's Life ; and others will read it, as it comes in their way. I do not, therefore, desire to say more of it than that it contains the following copy of verses, introduced by a short extract, which, together, exhibit as complete a literary imposture as ever was practised upon the public. The Countess, it is true, disclaims the verses, and the reader is, naturally enough, led to suppose that they were written by Captain Basil Hall, *in propria personâ*. The fact is, in this country, *notorious*, that they are the production of Mr. Wilde, of Georgia ; and, about the time of Basil's last visit to *Jonathan* (as he contemptuously calls all Americans,) were printed in many of our magazines and newspapers: the New York Mirror was, if I recollect right, full of a discussion as to their authorship. Mr. Wilde was, then, in public life, and, of course, the victim of party, as nothing material could be said against him, a story was fabricated of his *plagiarism*, in claiming these lines, which, it was pretended, he had translated from a Greek fragment of Alcæus ; among whose fragments nothing of the kind

can be found. It seems that a Mr. Barclay, of New York, who had some knowledge of Greek, and was a friend of Mr. Wilde, was resolved to surprise him, and to mystify the public, by translating the lines into Greek, and then charging Mr. Wilde with deception, for calling them an original of his own. Mr. Wilde, after some time, thought he might as well claim his property, and did so, by a short paragraph or two, which put an end to the controversy. Little did he foresee the use that Captain Basil would make of them in a few years afterwards.

Extract from "Hall's Skimmings," Chap. 10.

MY LIFE.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky;
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground, to die,
Yet, on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if Heav'n wept such waste to see:
But none shall drop a tear for me.

My life is like the autumnal leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief—
Restless, it soon will pass away.
Yet, ere that fallen leaf shall fade,*
The parent tree shall miss its shade,
And winds bewail the leafless tree;
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print that feet
Have left on Zara's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
The track shall vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race;
On that lone shore loud mourns the sea;
But none shall mourn alas! for me.

"One day, when I entered the Countess' room, I observed that she had been writing. She held up a sheet of paper, and said: "you have written *your* life; here is *mine*," and she put into my hands the above copy of verses: by whom written, she would not tell me. Probably, by herself, for, they exactly suit her general cast of thought."

I hope some of the Northern papers will reprint this article, that it may have an additional chance of getting to the knowledge of this "man of modest assurance," who is so fond of evincing his contempt for "Jonathan."

*The tree could not mourn for the fall of its leaf, till it was fallen.—The blunder is Hall's.

† *Zara* is substituted for some place, in Florida, where, I think, Mr. Wilde states *his* scenery to have existed. *Zara*, indeed, has nothing to do with the *sea-shore*.

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TO THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL.

The Editor of the Southern Literary Journal takes great pleasure in announcing to his patrons, that he has entered into permanent arrangements with Mr. J. S. BURGESS of this city, which will contribute greatly to its interests and prosperity,—arrangements by which he will be able to devote his whole time to his duties as Editor, while the responsibilities of publication will be assumed by Mr. BURGESS, a gentleman who has the entire confidence of the public. The Editor has heretofore been under the necessity of devoting much of his attention to the peculiar and laborious duties which belong to a publisher, from which he will now be relieved. He takes this opportunity of returning his thanks to his patrons, for the very liberal and flattering encouragement which has been extended to his work, of which he has recently had additional proof, in a generous accession to its list of subscribers. The next number which commences the second volume of the current year, will include the improvements suggested in his late circular. The work will be extended so as to embrace the two-fold object of a Review and a Magazine. Prefixed to it will be a handsome steel plate engraved title page, executed by Mr. KEENAN, and an Index for the present volume will be furnished, which can be detached for the purpose of binding. The critical notices will be enlarged so as to embrace comprehensive strictures upon most of the recent works. Efforts will be made to increase the list of contributors from among the most distinguished and approved writers of the South. Punctuality in the emission, and regularity in the distribution of the numbers may be confidently expected, and no exertions will be spared to perfect the typographical execution of the work, and to improve and elevate its literary character.

The Editor has received and published many articles, for which no pecuniary compensation was either expected or wished. Of these are articles read originally before the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina, and which were generously tendered to the Editor by a Resolution of that body; also valuable articles prepared for other occasions, which it was thought desirable to publish. To this list may be added communications expressly prepared for the work, for which their authors were unwilling to receive remuneration, and for which the editor is duly grateful. In those cases, however, where gentlemen devote themselves to literature as a profession, and expect to be paid for their contributions, the editor, solicitous for the interests of the work, has always afforded a compensation, which he has the satisfaction to believe, has been esteemed liberal. To contributors the Editor still tenders the sum of two DOLLARS for each printed page of PROSE or POETRY. Where articles are made up chiefly of extracts, a proportionate deduction will be made. No articles involving party politics or sectarian religion, which have a local bearing, will be admissible, but political or religious papers of a general character, and which embrace the great interests of our country and the human race, will be at all times acceptable. While speaking on this subject, the Editor would express his regret, that any thing has ever appeared in the pages of the Journal, calculated to give the least offence to the most scrupulous. He believes there has been very little cause for complaint on this head, and the one or two exceptionable passages that have appeared were contained in articles which had not undergone his own supervision.

¶ The Editor very respectfully requests those of his patrons, who have not paid their subscriptions for the last or the present year, to do so, in order to enable him to meet his engagements; and he earnestly solicits AGENTS at a distance to make prompt collections and remittances.

ERRATA.

Page 417, line 23d from top, for "depreciated" read "deprecatd." On next page, 5th line from the top, for "stand on him," read "to slander him." Page 450, line 11 from the top, for "all actions," read "all the actions." Same page a, few lines lower, for "but little entitled credit to," read, "rendered it but little deserving of." Page 451, 12th line from the top, for "test," read "text." Same page for "Timour," read "Timon." Bottom of page 452, for "great" read "just." Page 463, for "seek a firm," read "seek and find." Page 454, near the bottom, for "creeds," read "deeds." Page 457, for "in them" read "in turn." Same page, near the bottom, for "systematically," read "symmetrically." Page 459, for "omnifarious," read "omniformous." Same page, for "prongs," read "throngs;" and for "mentally," read "inevitably."

LIST OF PAYMENTS.

Charleston.—John Grimke, M. D., C. Rame; Rev. Wm. H. Barnwell, T. E. Rowand, A. Hobson, J. Eyland, E. Levy, Jr., R. S. Oakley, B. Clark, P. S. Bacot, N. Heyward, Charles Heyward, Robert Martin, W. B. Seabrook.
Clinton, (Ala.)—S. H. Reese, 2 years.
Augusta, (Geo.)—Col. William Cumming, 2 years.
Poplar Springs.—J. J. Myers, M. D.
Grand Gulf, (Miss.)—Alexander Ross.
Robertville.—D. C. Hay, 2 years.

